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THE DEMOCRATIC TIGER GONE MAD.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *consists of a splendid double-page Centennial engraving, entitled*

COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS.

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THE PRESIDENCY AND SENATOR CONKLING.

THE Troy *Times* says:

"It is little short of shameful that a man of Mr. CONKLING'S irreproachable record—one who has held so tenaciously to Republican principles, and who has done so much to promote the welfare of the country, whose personal character is so unspotted, and whose abilities even his enemies admit are so pre-eminent—should be made the victim of such an insidious and unreasonable warfare as that waged against our distinguished Senator."

The warfare of Democrats or of those who are not Republicans upon a candidate for the Republican nomination will doubtless often be unreasonable. But we do not agree with the Troy *Times* that the great multitude of stanch and unquestionable Republicans in the State of New York and elsewhere who think Mr. CONKLING to be an undesirable candidate have made either an insidious or an unreasonable warfare upon him. We, for instance, are among those Republicans who think that the nomination of Mr. CONKLING would endanger the success of the party. We have said so, often and emphatically, but certainly in no insidious manner. We have, moreover, stated frankly that among the reasons of his weakness as a candidate was the very fact which the Troy *Times* claims to be a source of his strength—his virtual identification with the Administration, including, of course, all its errors and doubtful courses. "If the Republican party has been in the wrong," says the Troy *Times*, "then Mr. CONKLING has been in the wrong; if it has failed, then he has failed." But this kind of generalization is extremely unwise. Suppose that the same remark should be applied to a man like Senator SPENCER, of Alabama. He is a Republican. He has always acquiesced in every thing that was done in the party name. The argument is as good for him as for Mr. CONKLING: "If the Republican party has been in the wrong, Mr. SPENCER has been in the wrong; if it has failed, then he has failed." It is not very powerful reasoning.

The Troy *Times* knows, as we and all Republicans know, that for a long time there has been a serious division of sentiment in the party. On the one side is the resolution to make the party organization serve the progressive, intelligent demand for pure and patriotic government; on the other, the disposition merely to hold power by force of the party machinery and party spirit, and to turn it to personal account. The latter tendency fostered and was fostered by Republicans like General BUTLER, Governor SHEPHERD, General BABCOCK, Secretary BELKNAP, Senators SPENCER and PATTERSON, Governor MOSES, WHIPPER, M'DONALD, AVERY, and the rings of many kinds in every part of the country that have been sustained by patronage. It is an unpleasant truth that this tendency was apparently in favor at the White House. The President, as we believe and have always said, was never implicated in any kind of personal dishonor. But he was surrounded by those who were involved, and who undoubtedly deceived him. This situation was plainly perceived. Republican journals, *Harper's Weekly* among them, deprecated the obvious tendency and criticised it. Of course it was done as among political friends and within the party. But it was done, and it was a sign of the deep-seated discontent.

The elections of 1874 showed clearly whither the Republican party was drifting. There was a reaction against the tendency of which we speak, and by the defeat of certain persons especially identified with it, and a defeat by Republican agencies, party confidence was in the next year partially recovered. But the Democrats had obtained control of the House of Representatives. Before the meeting of Congress, however, the Republican Secretary of the Treasury had confirmed the healthful party tendency by his bold assault upon the Whiskey Ring, which he pushed relentlessly, despite the whispers that he was hurting the party. The investigations of the House followed, and with what result? The exposures have confirmed the Republican conviction that great wrongs have been done under Republican responsibility, and that the party must, if it would succeed, show its determination that they shall not continue. As we said last week, the investigations have not materially helped the Democrats, because they have been so evidently conducted with the sole purpose of party advantage. But they have thoroughly aroused and inspired Republicans, and the discontent and defeat of 1874 and the partial recovery of 1875 have deepened into a determination, which has the conscience and courage of the party behind it, that the things which have so shocked and shaken the organization shall be renounced, and a nomination made at Cincinnati which shall be the earnest of that resolution.

To speak of the Republican party, therefore, as the Troy *Times* does, as if it had been a unit, and as if the offenses for which, as the party in power, it is responsible had been approved by the mass of the party, which must stand or fall by them, is idle. The Troy *Times* will not deny that the Republican party is as much responsible for BELKNAP as the Democratic party was for FLOYD. But will it say that those Republicans who have warned and protested against the system which produces official infidelity are as answerable as those who have sneered at those who protested, as sensational enemies of the party? Mr. CONKLING is not to be advocated as if the party had been a unit, and he its especial representative. The party has been divided. The proof is on record. And Mr. CONKLING is closely identified with the side that brought the party into peril. We repeat what we have already said in these columns: if the Republicans could carry the election with the Administration and all its misfortunes and mistakes as its platform, they might elect Mr. CONKLING, but not otherwise. If the Troy *Times* means to assert that no man is a good Republican who does not approve the nomination of SHEPHERD, for instance, or the Arkansas message, or the ORVILLE C. GRANT tradership transactions, it may spare itself the trouble of advocating any Republican candidate whatever. If, on the other hand, it would say that no man who condemns these things can honestly recognize the services of the President to the country, it is altogether mistaken. Those who generally support Republican nominations, and who feel that under proper Republican auspices the country is safer with that party than with the other, are not children. BELKNAP and BABCOCK and SHEPHERD and BUTLER and the rest will not prevent their voting for the Republican candidate, if he be one whose career shows that the Republican influences which have been hostile to the failures of the Administration really control the party. But if the nominations offer a mere choice of evils, their action will be divided.

The debate that precedes the Cincinnati nomination is as important as the nomination itself. The advocates of the selection of Mr. CONKLING assert his high character, his great ability, and, above all, his party service. There is no need of repeating that in this discussion there is no question of personal character or ability. It is a political discussion, a consideration of party policy and expediency. It was so, also, in 1872, when many of his oldest and truest friends were forced to differ with Mr. SUMNER. It must always be so under our political system. But in the present temper of the country and of the party, how can Mr. CONKLING be considered a strong Republican candidate for the Presidency? Considering what is the real feeling and demand of those Republicans who can not be coerced by the mere party name, let us look at his position. Mr. CONKLING has been Senator for nine years. During six of them, certainly, he has been the only New York Senator whose voice was heeded by the President. He is a man of conceded ability. He is the representative of the greatest State. He has had immense opportunities. How have they been used? Has his power been devoted constantly to elevate the moral tone and purpose of the party, so that it might be held responsible only for good measures and for reputable men? Has he been frank and decided in his opposition to the many errors of the Administration? Knowing that the President was an honest and politically inexperienced man, has he sought to keep him true to his own good impulses and to the best Republican sentiment? Has he been a leader to whom that sentiment has naturally turned—one of those who would vindicate, not as against Democrats, but to the enlightened Republican conscience, the rectitude and the policy of the party action? Was there any more conspicuous Republican chief during all the time that Republican confidence was alarmed and alienated by the tendencies of the party, and was there any Republican leader less conspicuous in opposing them?

There is much said of party service. But the truest service does not consist merely in helping to keep the party successful, but in making it worthy of success. The argument for Mr. CONKLING in the State Convention was that he was upright and able; that he had supported the Republican policy in Congress, and had brilliantly stumped the State in 1872. This is not denied. But he did no more during the war than all Republicans with the same opportunities. He certainly did no more at that time as Representative in Congress than Mr. MORGAN as Governor and Senator; and his real service to General GRANT'S Administration in commending it to the confidence of the country is not in the least degree comparable to that of Mr. FISH as Secretary of State. If Senator CONKLING has done many things which every sincere Republican must heartily approve, there are many others which can not be called services to the party or to the country, whatever they may have been to the Administration. He defeated the nomination of Judge HOAR as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but he supported that of CALEB CUSHING. He had no sympathy with a Republican reform of the civil service, but he sustained Governor SHEPHERD. Investigations into abuses of the general order system, of the moiety system, of the sale of arms to France, had no support from him, but he thought well of a third term. He had no praise for Mr. BRISTOW in his war on the Whiskey Ring in Missouri, but he justified General SHERIDAN in Louisiana. He has been of the Republican school that thought investigations of Republican abuses were mud-throwing, and exposures of offenses discredits to the party, which should be left to the Democrats. In his own words, Mr. CONKLING does not understand belonging to a party a little. And if to have upheld it through thick and thin, and in such ways as we have indicated, constitutes at the present time, and in the existing state of public and party feeling, a strong claim to the nomination, Mr. CONKLING shares it with Senators CAMERON and MORTON, ex-Senators CARPENTER and CHANDLER, ex-Secretary DELANO, ex-Attorney-General WILLIAMS, and ex-Representative General BUTLER.

Instead of saying with the Troy *Times* that if the Republican party has been in the wrong, then Senator CONKLING has been in the wrong, we say that he is the especial political representative, not of the Republican party, but of methods and tendencies which the best sentiment of the party, as shown every where and in every way, disowns and repudiates. And, therefore, his nomination as representative of the convictions, purposes, and hopes of the party would be a fatal mistake. To attempt to belittle this view, held by immense numbers of Republicans, as a personal attack upon Mr. CONKLING, or, as it has been called by one of his advocates, "a revolt" against Mr. CONKLING, is only absurd. As a party man, is not every Republican his equal? As Mr. FORSTER trenchantly asked in the Syracuse Convention, if he has served the party, has the party not rewarded him? Mr. CONKLING, we hope, would be the first to reprove this superserviceable zeal. The Republican party does not exist for the personal aggrandizement of any Republican. Neither the Senator nor any other Republican has any kind of right or claim to the nomination. If such words could be tolerated in such an association, nothing is plainer than that no one has a claim to preference who has not shown that he has always striven to make the party impregnable in popular sympathy and confidence, as the party not of traders and selfish interests, but of justice, honesty, and purity, of political decency, morality, and progress under the Constitution. If Senator CONKLING be the type of that kind of service to the party and to the country, he would be a very strong Presidential candidate, but not otherwise.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY.

THE *Life of Macaulay*, by his nephew, just issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, is a fascinating book, and its reception shows the popularity of every thing associated with his name. During the last generation he was one of the most prominent and familiar figures in English literature and, for a time, in English politics, and his character and the secret of his success are very intelligible. Every body has read his essays and his history, and now every body will read his life. His popularity was amazing. He was idolized by his family, that is, by his sisters and their children, for he was never married. He was the favorite of every social circle. His writings were more useful in popularizing the *Edinburgh Review* than those of BROUGHAM, JEFFREY, or SYDNEY SMITH. His collected essays have been sold by the hundred thousand. His history was one of the signal and memorable successes of the trade. He knew, of course, its value. "I had thought," he said, "that the book would have a permanent place in our literature." But a sale of thirteen thousand copies of the first two large volumes in six months was beyond his expectation. "On the whole," he writes, in a diary which his biographer says was not meant for publication, "I remember no success so complete, and I remember all BYRON'S poems and all SCOTT'S novels."

His political speeches had the same kind of popularity. When it was known that he was "up," the House began to fill. In five minutes it was crowded. The applause was always immense, and the older members were reminded of the traditional triumphs of departed orators. This great popular success is, as we said, very intelligible. Two passages in the second volume of the life are a key to it. "You call me a Liberal," he wrote to a friend, "but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies. I am opposed to the abrogation of capital punishment. I am opposed to the destruction of the national Church. In short, I am in favor of war, hanging, and Church establishments." And his nephew says, "Of all English statesmen, MACAULAY liked Lord PALMERSTON the best." The explanation is that he was an average Englishman of immense talent. He had the ordinary sympathies and likes and dislikes of the great mass of his fellow-citizens. As EMERSON felicitously said of him, "His good is good to eat." But MACAULAY, quite unconsciously, had his revenge. He wrote in his diary, before EMERSON'S *English Traits* was published, and of course before he could have known what EMERSON said of him, that obscurity is often mistaken for depth. It was a foolish remark as applied to EMERSON, but he does apply it: "*Coraggio!*" he writes, "and think of A.D. 2850. Where will your EMERSONS be then?" MACAULAY was half Scotch by birth, but he was wholly a great, hearty, downright Englishman, with all the British whims and views and prejudices healthily developed. The vast and controlling "middle-class" British sentiment was as fully and satisfactorily expressed by MACAULAY as the ideal and imaginative England by BURKE. He had his feet always on the ground, and on British ground. "I read ROMILLY'S *Memoirs*," he writes: "a fine fellow, but too stoical for my taste. I love a little of the Epicurean element in virtue." And he says of his own portrait by RICHMOND: "It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure."

MACAULAY'S powers of literary acquisition and retention were enormous, and his treasures of knowledge were perfectly well ordered. He said once that he was not quite sure of the chronological series of the Popes, for he became confused among the INNOCENTS. But the veriest school-boy could say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward. And on the spot he went through the list straight back to CRANMER, when he was laughingly stopped. His faculty of expression was also remarkable, so that, although never in the highest sense poetic or passionate, his style is distinctive. It is often artificial, but seldom ineffective. Its antithesis is unequaled in English literature, and its description has all the glitter of an actual pageant. After the publication of his essay upon WARREN HASTINGS, he wrote to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* that he grudged him the picture of the trial in Westminster Hall, because he should want it for the history. This famous passage is perhaps the most characteristic of MACAULAY'S descriptions, as the fine antithesis of the Puritan, "If he was unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, he was deeply read in the oracles of God," etc., is the most splendid specimen of his antithesis.

His works show, also, what is very clearly revealed in the life, his good sense. What we call by this name may be altogether a fact of temperament, but he had it in a high degree. He unwarily wrote a letter from Windsor and dated it from Windsor Castle. There was a general bantering outcry at his snobbery. Sir JAMES GRAHAM sneered in the House of Commons, and THACKERAY smiled in an essay, but with very gentle satire, for he had a true affection for MACAULAY, as he showed when he died. The opposition journals ridiculed him unsparingly. But MACAULAY was not in the least disturbed. The thing was done. It was a mistake, but explanation was useless. Of course he saw the mistake, and was sorry; and he afterward confessed that he "winced" when he thought of it. But he did not make the further mistake of explanation, or correction, or apology. He said, and honestly, "I would not walk across the room to change

all the abuse that the *Morning Post* has ever put forth against me into panegyric." The *Times* was at one time very contemptuous in its tone toward him. Its leading articles spoke of him as Mr. Babble-tongue MACAULAY; and when he was made Privy Councilor, it said that he was hardly fit to fill the vacancy made by the death of her Majesty's monkey. To MACAULAY it was the humming of a mosquito, but no more. At another time a correspondent to whom, while he was in the cabinet, he had written confidentially of public men and affairs, published his letter. The mischief was done, and MACAULAY made no "fuss." It was not that he was dull and wanting in sensitiveness, but he knew that complaint and explanation would do no good. He felt about it as about CROKER'S and LOCKHART'S difference in regard to the *Quarterly's* review of his history: "How they settle the matter I care not, as the Duke says, one twopenny damn."

But the most delightful revelation of the life is that of MACAULAY'S fond affection for his sisters and their families, and his constant domestic fun and fooling, as well as tender care and consideration for the young people. He was, in a certain sense, a great boy, and his affection for children made him their playfellow and jester to the end of his life. He wrote amusing nonsense, and was as full of fun with them as THACKERAY. He writes to one of his young nieces in 1842:

"Michaelmas will, I hope, find us all at Clapham over a noble goose. Do you remember the beautiful Puseyite hymn on Michaelmas-day? It is a great favorite with all the Tractarians. You and Alice should learn it. It begins:

"Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,
Though Plymouth Brethren rage,
We Churchmen gay will wallow to-day
In apple-sauce, onions, and sage.

"Ply knife and fork, and draw the cork,
And have the bottle handy,
For each slice of goose will introduce
A thimbleful of brandy.

Is it not good? I wonder who the author can be. Not NEWMAN, I think. It is above him. Perhaps it is Bishop WILBERFORCE."

He was always inventing games and playing them, and acting dramas with the children; and the idol of Holland House and the pride of Englishmen was the ringleader in the nursery of his sisters' children, marching up and down stairs, blowing horns, and playing robbers and tigers behind the sofa. For his sisters his affection was most beautiful and touching. Indeed, the glimpses of domestic life in both volumes are charming; nor can there be any question that the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* will greatly endear him to the public, and that they will hold their place among the most interesting and satisfactory of literary biographies.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE HOUSE.

THE President's message in reply to the impudent resolution of the House in regard to the place in which he had discharged his executive duties is dignified and conclusive. He states the constitutional position of the President upon the subject in the most concise and admirable manner; and in a document which accompanies the message he cites the innumerable instances of absence from Washington of all his predecessors, except LINCOLN, who was necessarily always at the capital in consequence of "a powerful rebellion" with which he had to deal. The President adds, what naturally aroused the enthusiasm of the Republicans and smote the Democratic majority, including its Southern wing, which had thought to entrap him by the resolution: "Had the efforts of those recently in rebellion against the government been successful in driving a late President of the United States from Washington, it is manifest that he must have discharged his functions, both civil and military, elsewhere than in the place named by law as the seat of government."

This foolish and futile Democratic attempt to injure the President, like all the similar efforts, has recoiled upon the party. The charge about the use of the secret service fund has ended in showing the extent of TWEED'S Democratic frauds. The assault upon Senator MORTON has merely refreshed the public memory of the Democratic Copperhead conspiracy against the Union, foiled in Indiana by the nerve and resource of the Republican Governor MORTON. The story about Mr. BLAINE has given him the opportunity to make a thorough and satisfactory explanation. The accusations of Mr. BRISTOW show only a plot of Democrats and Whiskey Rings. The reduction of the President's salary brings a veto which the intelligence of the whole country applauds. And now the plan to cover the President with confusion because of his occasional absence from Washington ends in one of the most admirable and satisfactory messages he has sent to Congress.

If any argument were needed to show the mischiefs of a possible Democratic restoration, it would be furnished by the total incapacity and childish blundering shown by the Democratic House of Representatives during this session. It had an opportunity that might have been shrewdly improved. But there are probably very few Republicans who will regret that the Democrats have had all this preliminary rope.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

IT is not wise to decry the power of an opponent. If the vote of New York be doubtful; if the Democratic Governor has been able, without great personal popularity, and despite the hostility of the Tammany Ring in the city and of the Canal Ring in the country, to control the Democratic State Convention; if he has secured not only the presentation of himself as a candidate, but the monstrous instruction to thirty-four of the delegates to vote always in the Convention as the other thirty-six shall require; if Democratic success be hopeless without a hard-money candidate, or one who is popularly identified with reform, or whose war record is believed not to have been flagrantly offensive to the Union sentiment—how can it be truthfully said that Governor TILDEN would not be a strong candidate either in New York or in the country? There is no Democratic candidate so intrinsically strong and so available. There is no other who combines so many of the qualifications which are admitted to be indispensable. There is certainly no other who would so vigorously contest the State of New York with any Republican candidate, and none who would be so likely to defeat the Republican candidate, unless he were so selected as to command the universal and enthusiastic support of all Republicans, and of all who wish to vote with them.

These are facts which it is the duty of Republicans to consider. The Democrats will not defeat their own candidate to gratify us. There is, indeed, a Democratic quarrel in the State, but that is an incident as old as the Democratic party. Tammany Hall and the Canal Ring have not such prestige beyond the State that their opposition would avail in the least degree against the better Democratic sentiment of New York and the clear perception of the situation. If the rings should threaten to defeat Mr. TILDEN in New York, they would not be believed. It is not the traders and shysters, but the unselfish and honest members of a party, who bolt national nominations. If the best element of his party in the State were hostile to him, instead of friendly, there would be grounds of apprehension. But the loss of the national patronage in New York would be a risk which the rings would not take. If Mr. TILDEN should be nominated at St. Louis, Tammany Hall would support him, because it would know that if it did not, it would be more terribly beaten in its municipal designs than it was last year. Mr. THURMAN supported Governor ALLEN in Ohio, and Tammany Hall, for the same reason, would support Mr. TILDEN.

It is supposed that Tammany fears that, if Mr. TILDEN should be elected, it would not control the distribution of patronage in the city. But it should have learned by this time that Mr. TILDEN is the most adroit political manager the Democratic party of New York has known since MARTIN VAN BUREN. When it was necessary, Mr. TILDEN, as chairman of the State Committee, maintained relations with TWEED. Could he, as President, hesitate for the common interest to recognize a "reformed Tammany?" Mr. JOHN KELLY may have been mortified by the Governor's superior address, and might personally be glad of his defeat. But Mr. KELLY knows, as every other well-informed political observer knows, that some of his own Tammany candidates of last year and Tammany delegates of this year are among the sincerest friends of Governor TILDEN. And has Tammany Hall the kind of political independence that would undertake in a National Convention to prevent New York from receiving the nomination? If it opposed Mr. TILDEN, whom would it suggest? Judge CHURCH? It is unnecessary to answer. Mr. SEYMOUR? No candidate could be more easily defeated. There are no others in the State. Mr. TILDEN is the only New York Democrat who represents even the hope of success. And among Democratic candidates elsewhere, who is to be compared with him for availability? Mr. BAYARD is virtually a Southerner, and from the smallest of States. Mr. HENDRICKS is a mere Laodicean. He is neither hot nor cold. Mr. THURMAN supported the soft-money ALLEN in Ohio last year. Judge DAVIS is a LINCOLN Republican, and a man to control, not to be controlled, so that his election would be the dissolution of the Democratic party. General HANCOCK is a soldier, and the Democrats will not look to the army for a candidate. Any new man would be necessarily a negative candidate. Governor TILDEN is a positive candidate, upon the sole issue upon which the Democrats can contest the election.

It is a very serious mistake, therefore, for the Republicans to sneer at him as the easiest of all possible opponents to defeat. Governor TILDEN would command a larger party vote in New York than any other Democrat. Democratic New England would eagerly support him. The Pacific slope would be friendly, and the Southern States would gladly follow Georgia, which has shown its preference for him. Moreover, no other Democrat could be named for whom the independent vote, which is larger than ever before, would be so readily cast. It would be zealous for him as against any mere machine Republican candidate. It is not a fact to quarrel with, but to consider. Good sense requires that the Cincinnati Convention should assume that the St. Louis assembly will act warily and select the most available candidate. It is, indeed, true that the Democratic Conventions of 1864, 1868, and 1872 were foolish beyond expectation, and it is natural to suppose that the same folly will be supreme at St. Louis. But the political situation is not one which should persuade Republicans to count upon the certainty of Democratic blundering. It has, we know, been so uniform that it is not easy to avoid assuming it. But the task of the Republicans themselves is not easy. The party momentum sufficed for success in the years that we have named. Can the party momentum be as confidently trusted now that the war is further removed, the Secretary of War impeached for bribery, the late private secretary of the President criminally indicted, and all the iniquity of the Whiskey Rings unveiled? We need for success all Republican votes, and all the votes of those who have for some time looked doubtingly at the Republican party. We need more. We need the inspiration of an appeal to the true patriotism and moral sense of the country. With a nomination which should make that appeal, we should easily defeat Governor TILDEN or any other Democratic candidate.

PERSONAL.

EX-GOVERNOR HENRY A. WISE, of Virginia, startled the ancients of Washington a few days since by appearing in that city as counsel of Mr. PLATT, of Virginia, in a contested election case. It is said that when he addressed the committee his powerful voice and well-known elocution seemed like a realistic scene from ancient history. He retains all his old eloquence. Who was it that said, "The most distressing complaint that prevails in Washington during the sessions of Congress is a retention of oratory?" Mr. WISE is now seventy years old. He was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-seven, and served for eleven years, and then went to Brazil as United States minister, where he remained three years. He was Governor of Virginia from 1855 to 1860, and in the rebellion was a brigadier-general, but never did much in the way of victories.

—Ex-Vice-President COLFAX has become not only one of the most popular, but the most pecuniarily successful, of our lecturers. During the season now just coming to a close he has been constantly occupied, and finds in the handsome sum of $15,000 an ample reward for his efforts.

—It is said of HEINE, whose biography has just been published in London, that having been born on the 13th of December, 1799, he willfully put forward the date to January 1, 1800, in order to give an admiring patron the opportunity of saying, "You are one of the first men of the century."

—ARISTARCHI BEY, who has been for sixteen years Turkish minister in Germany, has been recalled. He is descended from an old blue-blooded Greek family, and is not a strict Moslem. He is very wealthy, speaks German fluently, and is married to a daughter of VON BONIM, the late Prussian Minister of War.

—Certain persons in England have revived the project of bringing to that country Cleopatra's Needle. This monument was presented to GEORGE IV. by the Pasha of Egypt more than fifty years ago, but every attempt to transport it hitherto has been abandoned.

—Colonel R. G. HOWARD is a member of the South Carolina Legislature; TONY, formerly his slave, is a member of the same body. Both sit, with perfect equality, making laws. The colonel is a Democrat; TONY is a Radical. After adjournment, the colonel goes home and superintends his plantation; and TONY, who works for him as a carpenter, takes his meals in the kitchen with the cook, and most likely gets the best cuts.

—Professor JOHN W. BURGESS, of Amherst College, has just been elected Professor of History, Political Science, and International Law in Columbia College, of this city, at a salary of $7600.

—In Lord PALMERSTON'S recently published life it is stated that the late Mr. ANSTEY and Mr. URQUHART, who, as members of Parliament, personally opposed that Premier's foreign policy, were subsidized by LOUIS PHILIPPE to the amount of $300,000.

—WIRT HENRY, of Virginia, a grandson of PATRICK HENRY, has aided in contributing a number of ancestral portraits, books, and medallions to the historical department of the Centennial Exhibition.

—A gentleman who called recently upon Mr. DANIEL DREW asked Mr. D. if he had not formerly, when wealthy, made some provision for his children and grandchildren. Mr. DREW replied: "Yes, I gave my son the old homestead and some other small property up in Putnam County, where we came from, which I hope will make him independent at least. My daughter had married a rich man, and when he died, leaving considerable property to five children, I was made executor of the will. For so sacred a trust as their property I was obliged to give security, which I did by making over to them this house where we are, and the North River steamboats the *Drew*, *Dean Richmond*, *St. John*, and *Chauncy Vibbard*. This security makes them whole, and I thank God that breach of trust to them is not on my conscience. The mother, my daughter, is, of course, well provided for through her children and deceased husband. My son's principal business now is in connection with the management of the boats, by which he is getting on very well."

—The heirs of the late GEORGE T. COBB, of New Jersey, have endowed the chair of New Testament Exegesis in the Drew Theological Seminary by the gift of $40,000. The Rev. Dr. H. A. BUTTZ is the incumbent of the professorship.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes from London this important information about the late JOHN FORSTER'S unfinished *Life of Swift*, the first volume of which has been published by HARPER & BROTHERS: "A paragraph recently appeared in the *Athenæum* lamenting that none of the materials which Mr. FORSTER had collected for the completion of his *Life of Swift* are in a form in which they can be used. But I am assured by an eminent literary man, better acquainted with the subject of the memoir than any one living, that there are among these materials facts of the utmost importance concerning SWIFT and his times—facts never printed or made known—which will require further attention, and probably make it necessary that the biography shall be placed in competent hands for completion."

—"Mark Twain" appeared on the stage at Hartford, a few evenings since, as Peter Spyk in the *Loan of a Lover*. He rewrote the part, making it one of a model blockhead, and acted it with success. The performance was in aid of a charity.

—The Brazilian potentate will visit Cornell University, where several Brazilian students are receiving their education.

—The recent sale of paintings belonging to the late WILLIAM T. BLODGETT, at Chickering Hall, attracted the largest company ever assembled at an auction sale in this city, including art collectors in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The total proceeds of the sale of ninety-one pictures amounted to $87,360, which is the largest sum ever received at the sale of a private gallery of paintings in this country, with the exception of the WOLFE collection. The other most important sales were the WHITE collection, $61,245; the SHERWOOD collection, $51,600; the LOCKWOOD gallery, $84,840; and the BELMONT gallery, $81,000. These collections were all larger in size than Mr. BLODGETT'S; therefore the average price for the pictures ($850) was the largest ever obtained in this country. "The Heart of the Andes," CHURCH'S great picture, for which Mr. BLODGETT is said to have paid $10,000, was sold at private sale. STORY'S statue of "Semiramis" and a few pictures were withdrawn.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Senator Boutwell, on the 1st, introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, at his discretion, to renew the issue of fractional currency, providing that the total amount of all issues outstanding at any one time shall not exceed $50,000,000. Referred to the Finance Committee. In the House, on the 1st, Mr. Blaine made a personal explanation of an old charge against him in the matter of certain bonds of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company. By a vote of 126 yeas to 105 nays—less than the required two-thirds—the House refused to order its committees to conduct investigations with open doors. The House also voted down a motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill to repeal so much of the Resumption Act as authorizes the redemption and cancellation of United States notes and the sale of United States bonds for that purpose. There were 115 yeas and 111 nays—less than two-thirds.—On the 2d, the House unanimously voted to expunge so much of the resolution of censure of Hon. John Young Brown, of Kentucky, as charged him with prevarication. An investigation of the Little Rock bonds scandal was ordered by the House.—On the 3d, Senator Morton explained the facts concerning the war loan of $250,000 received by him from the United States government while he was Governor of Indiana. The House decided the Illinois contested election case in favor of Mr. Lemoyne, unseating Mr. Farwell.

The Oregon Republican State Convention met on the 4th, appointed delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, and declared in favor of Mr. Blaine for President. The Maryland Republicans, on the same day, chose delegates and pledged the vote of their State for Mr. Blaine. The South Carolina Democratic Convention sends an unpledged delegation.

The New York State Legislature adjourned *sine die*, on the 3d inst. The School Amendment was adopted by the Assembly, only two voting against it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Congress, on the 3d, by a vote of 226 to 39, rejected the amendments proposed by the Moderados against the religious toleration clause of the Constitution. During the debate Senor Alvarez, opposing toleration, declared that the monarchy was lost if religious unity was not maintained. Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo, in reply, pointed out that Spain possessed colonies in America, Africa, and Asia, and had relations with the whole world. It would be impossible for her to keep these colonies and maintain these relations if the government adopted an irreconcilable ultramontane attitude.

King Alfonso has written another letter assuring the Pope that Spain is Catholic, and, consequently, Catholics need apprehend nothing from the application of the clause in the new constitution upon religious liberty. Moreover, the clause in question does not contravene the spirit of the Concordat of 1851.

A telegraphic dispatch received at Constantinople from Moukhtar Pasha announces that he has returned to Gatschko after another sanguinary engagement. He hopes his victory will lead to the termination of the rebellion. He says in the last battle, which was fought on Sunday while the troops were on the march to Gatschko, the insurgents numbered 16,000, and lost 1000 killed and wounded, in addition to 400 on the previous two days. The Turks throughout the expedition lost 85 killed and 161 wounded. He declares the victory was decisive.

In the British House of Commons, on the 2d, Mr. Disraeli, in a vehement speech, denounced as calumnious the statement made by Mr. Lowe at a Liberal meeting in Retford that the Queen had asked two previous Premiers to introduce a bill changing the royal titles, but that both had refused. He denied the truth of the statement as far as it concerned himself and the late Earl of Derby, and cited a letter from Mr. Gladstone denying that the Queen ever made such a proposal to him. In conclusion, Mr. Disraeli made a statement on behalf of the Queen that Mr. Lowe's assertion was utterly unfounded. On the 5th, Mr. Lowe apologized for the statement.

"THE FOREMOST CHAMPION OF THIS SPIRIT OF REFORM."—H. Seymour.

He will *run* the "Machine" (raised "out of the Gutter") to St. Louis "as a Unit," then to the "White House," and the People who doubt it are "Idiots or Knaves."

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN THE MESHES.

Now being newly inspired by that warm theologian—as Miss Patch really believed him to be—Luke Sharp, the lady felt capable of a bold stroke, which her conscience had seemed to cry out against, till loftier thoughts enlarged it. She delivered to her dear niece a letter, written in pale ink and upon strange paper, which she drew from a thicker one addressed to herself, and received "through their butcher" from a post-office. Wondering who their butcher was, but delighted to get her dear father's letter, Grace ran away to devour it.

It was dated from Georgetown, English Guayana, and though full of affection, showed touching traces of delicate health and despondency. The poor girl wiped her eyes at her father's tender longing to see her once more, and his earnest prayers for every blessing upon their invaluable friend, Miss Patch. Then he spoke of himself in a manner which made it impossible for her to keep her eyes wiped, so deep was his sadness, and yet so heroically did he attempt to conceal it from her; and then came a few lines, which surprised her greatly. He said that a little bird had told him that during her strict retirement from the world, in accordance with his wishes, she had learned to esteem a most worthy young man, for whom he had always felt warm regard, and, he might even say, affection. He doubted whether, at his own time of life, and with this strange languor creeping over him, he could ever bear the voyage to England, unless his little darling would come over to fetch him, or at least to behold him once more alive; and if she would do so, she must indeed be quick. He need not say that to dream of her traveling so far all alone was impossible; but if, for the sake of her father, she could dispense with some old formalities, and speedily carry out their mutual choice, he might with his whole heart appeal to her husband to bring her out by the next packet.

He said little more, except that he had learned by the bitter teaching of adversity who were his true friends, and who were false. No one had shown any truth and reality except Mr. Sharp, of Oxford; but he never could have dreamed, till it came to the test, that even the lowest of the low would treat him as young Mr. Overshute had done. That subject was too painful, so he ended with another adjuration to his daughter.

"Aunty, I have had the most extraordinary letter," cried Grace, coming in with her eyes quite dreadful; "it astonishes me beyond every thing. May I see the postmark of yours which it came in? I shall think I am dreaming till I see the postmark."

"The stamp of the office, do you mean, my dear? Oh yes, you are welcome to see, Grace. Here it is, 'Georgetown, Demerara.' The date is not quite clear without my spectacles. Those foreign dies are always cut so badly."

"Never mind the date, Aunt. I have the date inside, in my dear father's writing. But I am quite astonished how my father can have heard—"

"Something about you, sly little puss? You need not blush so, for I long have guessed it."

"But indeed it is not true—indeed it is not. I may have been amused, but I never, never—and, oh! what he says then of somebody else—such a thing I should have thought impossible! How can one have any faith in any one?"

"My dear child, what you mean is this: How can one have any faith in worldly and ungodly people? With their mouths they speak deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips—"

"Oh no, he never was ungodly. To see him walk would show you that; and if being good to the poor sick people, and dashing into the middle of the whooping-cough—"

"How am I to know of whom you speak? You appear to have acted in a very forward way with some one your father disapproves of."

"I assure you I never did any thing of the kind. It is not at all my manner. I thought you considered it wrong to make unfounded accusations."

"Grace, what a most unchristian temper you still continue to display at times! Your cheeks are quite red, and your eyes excited, in a way very sad to witness. The trouble I have taken is beyond all knowledge. If you do not value it, your father does."

"Aunty Patch, may I see exactly what my daddy says to you? I will show you mine if you will show me yours."

"My dear, you seem to forget continually. You treat me as if I were of your own age, and had never been through the very first alarm which comes for our salvation. It has not come to you, or you could not be so frivolous and worldly as you are. When first it rang, even for myself—"

"How many times does it ring, Aunt? I mean for every individual sinner, as you always call us."

"My dear, it rings three times, as has been proved by the most inspired of all modern preachers, the Rev. Wm. Romaine, while amplifying the blessed words of the pious Joseph Alleine. He begins his discourse upon it thus—"

"Aunty, you have told me that so many times that I could go up into his desk and do it. It is all so very good and superior; but there are times when it will not come. You or, at any rate, I, for certain, may go down on our knees and pray, and nothing ever comes of it. I have been at it every night and morning, really quite letting go whatever I was thinking of—and what is there to come of it, except this letter? And it doesn't sound as if my father ever wrote a word of it."

"Grace, what do you mean, if you please?"

"I mean what I do not please. I mean that I have been here at least five months, as long as any fifty, and have put up with the miserablest things—now never mind about my English, if you please; it is quite good enough for such a place as this—and have done my very best to put up with you, who are enough to take fifty people's lives away, with perpetual propriety—and have hoped and hoped, and prayed and prayed, till my knees are not fit to be looked at—and now, after all, what has come of it? That I am to marry a boy with a red cord down his legs, and a crystal in his whip, and a pretty face that seems to come from his mamma's watch-pocket, and a very nice and gentle way of looking at a lady, as if he were quite capable, if he had the opportunity, of saying 'bo' to any goose on the other side of the river."

"My dear, do you prefer bold ruffians, then, like the vagabond you were rescued from?"

"I don't know at all what I do prefer, Aunt Patch, unless it is just to be left to myself, and have nothing to say to any one."

"Why, Grace, that is the very thing you complained of, in your simple and ungrateful speech, just now! But do not disturb me with any more temper. I must take the opportunity, before the mail goes out, to tell your poor sick father how you have received his letter."

"Oh no, if you please not. You are quite mistaken if you think that I thought of myself first. My dear father knows that I never would do that; and it would be quite vain to tell him so. Oh, my darling, darling father, where are you now, and whatever are you doing?"

"Grace, you are becoming outrageous quite. You know quite well where your father is; and as to what he is doing, you know from his own letter that he is lying ill, and longing for you to attend upon him. And this is the way that you qualify yourself!"

"Somehow or other now—I do not mean to be wicked, Aunt—but I don't think my father ever wrote that letter—I mean, at any rate, of his own free-will. Somebody must have stood over him—I feel as if I really saw them—and made him say this, and that, and things that he never used to think of saying. Why, he never would have dreamed, when he was well, of telling me I was to marry any body. He was so jealous of me, he could hardly bear any gentleman to dare to smile; and he used to make me promise to begin to let him know five years before I thought of any one. And now for him to tell me to marry in a week—just as if he was putting down a silver-side to salt—and to marry a boy that he scarcely ever heard of, and never even introduced to me—he must have been, he can not but have been, either wonderfully affected by the climate, or shackled down in a slave-driver's dungeon, until he had no idea what he was about."

"HERE LAY GRACE FOR A LONG SAD HOUR, TAKING NO HEED OF THE THINGS AROUND HER."

"Have you finished, Grace, now? Is your violence over?"

"No; I have no violence; and it is not half over. But still, if you wish to say any thing, I will do all I can to listen to it."

"You are most obliging. One would really think that I were seventeen, and you nearly seventy."

"Aunt Patch, you know that I am as good as nineteen; and instead of being seventy, you are scarcely fifty-five."

"Grace, your memory is better about ages than about what you do not wish to hear of. And you do not wish to hear, with the common selfishness of the period, of the duty which is the most sacred of all, and at the same time the noblest privilege—the duty of self-sacrifice. What are your own little inclinations, petty conceits, and miserable jokes—jokes that are ever at deadly enmity with all deep religion—ah! what are they, you selfish and frivolous girl, when set in the balance with a parent's life? And a parent whose life would have been in no danger but for his perfect devotion to you."

"Aunt Patch, I never heard you speak of my father at all in that sort of way before. You generally talk of him as if he were careless, and worldly, and heterodox, very common, and quite unregenerate. And now quite suddenly you find out all his value. What do you want me to do so much, Aunt Patch?"

"Don't look at me like that, child; you quite insult me. As if it could matter to me what you do—except for your own eternal welfare. If you think it the right thing to let your father die in a savage land, calling vainly for you, and buried among land-crabs without a drop of water, that is a matter for you hereafter to render your own account of. You have tired me, Grace. I am not so young as you are, and I have more feeling. I must lie down a little; you have so upset me. When you have recovered your proper frame of mind, perhaps, you will kindly see that Margery has washed out the little brown tea-pot."

"To be sure, Aunty, I am up to all her tricks. And I will just toast you a water-biscuit, and put a morsel of salt butter on it, scarcely so large as a little French bean. Go to sleep, Aunty, for about an hour. I am getting into a very proper frame of mind; I can never stay very long out of it. May I go into the wood, just to think a little of my darling father's letter?"

"Yes, Grace; but not for more than half an hour, on condition that you speak to no one. You have made my head ache sadly. Leave your father's letter here."

"Oh no, if you please, let me take it with me. How can I think without it?"

Miss Patch was so sleepy that she said, "Very well; let me see it again when you have made the tea." Whereupon Grace, having beaten up

the cushion of the good lady's only luxury, and laid her down softly, and kissed her forehead (for fear of having made it ache), stole the best of the chance for a little quiet thought in a shelter of the woods, more soft than thought. For the summer was coming with a stride of light, and bashful corners, full of lateness, tried to ease it off with moss.

In a nook of this kind, far from any path, and tenderly withdrawn into its own green rest, the lonely and bewildered girl stopped suddenly and began to think. She drew forth the letter which had grieved her so; and she wondered that it had not grieved her more. It was not yet clear to her young frank mind that suspicion, like a mole, was at work in it. To get her thoughts better, and to feel some goodness, she sat upon a peaceful turret of new spear-grass, and spread her letter open, and began to cry. She knew that this was not at all the proper way to take things; and yet if any one had come and preached to her, and proved it all, she could have made no other answer than to cry the more for it.

The beautiful light of the glancing day turned corners, and came round to her; the lovable joy of the many, many things which there is no time to notice spread itself silently upon the air, or told itself only in fragrance; and the glossy young blades of grass stood up, and complacently measured their shadows.

Here lay Grace for a long sad hour, taking no heed of the things around her, however much they heeded her. The white wind-flower with its drooping bells, and the bluebell, and the harebell, and the pasque-flower—softest of all soft tints—likewise the delicate stitchwort, and the breath of the lingering primrose, and the white violet that outvies its sister (that sweet usurper of the colored name) in fragrance and in purity; and hiding for its life, without any one to seek, the sensitive wood-sorrel; and in and out, and behind them all, the cups, and the sceptres, and the balls of moss, and the shells and the combs of lichen—in the middle of the whole, this foolish maid had not one thought to throw to them. She might have thought that these things last forever, whereas her own life was but a morning dew; but she failed to make any such reflection.

What she was thinking of she never could have told; except that she had a long letter on her lap, and could not bring her mind to it. And here in the hollow, when the warmth came round, of the evening fringed with cloudlets, she was fairer than any of the buds or flowers, and ever so much larger. But she could not be allowed to bloom like them.

"Oh, I beg pardon," cried an unseen stranger in a very clear, keen voice; "I fear I am intruding in some private grounds. I was making a short-cut, which generally is a long one. If you will just show me how to get out again, I will get out with all speed, and thank you."

Grace looked around with surprise but no fear. She knew that the voice was a gentleman's; but until she got up, and looked up the little hollow, she could not see any one. "Please not to be frightened," said the gentleman again; "I deserve to be punished, perhaps, but not to that extent. I fancied that I knew every copse in the county. I have proved, and must suffer for, my ignorance."

As he spoke he came forward on a little turfy ledge, about thirty feet above her; and she saw that he looked at her with great surprise. She felt that she had been crying very sadly, and this might have made her eyes look strange. Quite as if by accident she let her hair drop forward, for she could not bear to be so observed; and at that very moment there flowed a gleam of sunshine through it. She was the very painting of the picture in her father's room.

"Saints in heaven!" cried Hardenow, who never went further than this in amazement, "I have found Grace Oglander. Stop, if you please; I beseech you, stop!"

But Grace was so frightened and so pledge-bound that no adjuration stopped her. If Hardenow had only been less eager, there and then he might have made his bow, and introduced himself. But Gracie thought of the rabbit-man, and her promise, and her loneliness, and without looking back, she was round the corner, and not a ribbon left to trace her by. And now again if Hardenow had only been less eager, he might have caught the fair fugitive by following in her footsteps. But for such a simple course as that he was much too clever. Instead of running down at once to the spot where she had vanished, and thence giving chase, he must needs try a cross-cut to intercept her. There were trees and bushes in the way, it was true, but he would very soon get through them; and to meet her face to face would be more dignified than to run after her.

So he made a beautifully correct cast as to the line she must have taken, and aiming well ahead of her, leaped the crest of the hollow and set off down the hill apace. But here he was suddenly checked by meeting a dense row of hollies, which he had not seen by reason of the brush-wood. In a dauntless manner he dashed in among them, scratching his face and hands, and losing a fine large piece of black kerseymere from the skirt of his coat, and suffering many other lesser damages. But what was far worse, he lost Grace also; for out of that holly grove he could not get for a long, long time; and even then he found himself on the wrong side—the one where he had entered.

If good Anglo-Catholics ever did swear, the Rev. Thomas Hardenow must now have sworn, for his plight was of that kind which engenders wrath in the patient and pleasantry on the part of the spectator. His face suggested recent duello with a cat, his white tie was tattered and hanging down his back, his typical coat was a mere postilion's jacket, and the condition of his small-clothes afforded to the skeptic the clearest proof of the sad effects of perpetual self-denial. His hat, with the instinct of self-preservation, had rolled out from the thicket when he first rushed in, and now he picked up this wiser portion of his head, and was thankful to have something left.

Chances were against him; but what is chance? He had an exceedingly strong will of his own, and having had the worst of this matter so far, he was doubly resolved to go through with it. Without a second thought about his present guise or aspect, he ran back to the spot which he had left so unadvisedly. There he did what he ought to have done ten minutes or a quarter of an hour ago—he ran down the slope to the nest in the nook which had been occupied by Grace. Then he took to the track which she had taken; but she had been much too quick for him; she had even snatched up her letter, so that he was none the wiser. He came to a spot where the narrow and thickly woven trackway broke into two; and whether of the two to choose was more than a moment's doubt to him. Then he seemed to see some glint of footsteps, and sweep of soft sprays by a dress toward the right, and making a dash through a dark hole toward it, was straightway enveloped in a doubled rabbit net, cast over his surviving hat.

"Hold 'un tight, Jarge, now thou'st got 'un," cried out somebody whom he could not see. "Poachin' son of a gun, us 'll poach 'un!"

"Poaching, my good friends!" cried Hardenow, trying to lift his arms and turn his head round, but failing; "you can scarcely know the meaning of that word, or you never would think of applying it to me. Let me see you, that I may explain. I have been trespassing, I am afraid; but by the purest accident. Allow me to turn round and reason quietly; I have the greatest objection to violence; I never use nor allow it to be used. If you are honest gamekeepers, exceeding your duty through earnest zeal, I would be the last to find fault with you; want of earnestness is the great fault of this age. But you must not allow yourselves to be misled by some little recent mischances to my clothes. Such things befall almost every body exploring unknown places. You are pulling me! you are exceeding your duty! Is the bucolic mind so dense? Here I am at your mercy—just show yourselves. You may choke me if you like, but the result will be—oh!—that you will also be choked yourselves."

"A rare fine plucked one as ever I see," said rabbiting George to Leviticus Cripps, when Hardenow lay between them, senseless from the pressure upon his throat. "Ease him off a bit, my lad; he never done no harm to me. They long-coated parsons is a good old women, and he be cut up into a young gal now. Lay hold on the poor devil, right end foremost, zoon as I have stopped 'uns praching. Did ever you see such a guy out of a barrow?"

Heavy-witted Tickuss made no answer, but laid hold of the captive by his shoulders, so that himself might be still unseen, if consciousness should return too soon. Black George tucked the feet under his arm, after winding the tail of the net round the shanks, and expressing surprise at their slimness; and in no better way than this these two ignorant bumpkins swung the body of one of the leading spirits of the rising age to the pig farm.

Thomas Hardenow was not the man to be long insensible. Every fibre of his frame was a wire of electric life. He was "all there"—to use a slang expression, which, by some wondrous accident, has a little pith in it—in about two minutes; not a bit of him was absent; and he showed it by hanging like a lump upon his bearers as they fetched him to an empty hog house, dropped him anyhow, and locked him in; then one of them jumped on a little horse and galloped off to Oxford.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMBINED WISDOM.

"I really can not go on like this," said Mr. Sharp to Mrs. Sharp, quite early on the following morning. "Thank God, I am not of a nervous nature, and patience is one of my largest virtues. But acting, as I have done, for the best, I can not be expected to put up with perpetual suspense. This very day I will settle this matter, one way or the other." The lawyer for the first time now was flurried; he had heard of the capture of a spy last night—for so poor Hardenow had been described—and though he had kept that new matter to himself, he was puzzled to see his way through with it.

"Luke, my dear," replied Mrs. Sharp, with some of her tightenings not done up, "surely there need not be such hurry. You make me quite shiver when you speak like that. I shall come down to breakfast without any power, and the Port Meadow eel will go out for the maids. Should we ever behold it again, Luke?"

"Of course not; how could you expect it? Slippery, slippery—hard it is to lay fast hold of any thing; and the worst of all to bind is woman. I do not mean you, my dear; you need not look like that; you are as firm as this tag of your stays—corset, corset—I beg pardon; how can a man tell the fashionable words?"

"But, Luke, you surely would not think of proceeding to extremities?"

"Any extremity, if it only were the last. For the good of my family I have worked hard, and there never should have been all this worry with it. Miranda, I may have strayed outside the truth, and outside the law—which is so much larger—but one thing I beg you to bear in mind. Not a thing have I done, except for you and Kit. Money to me is the last thing I think of; pure affection is the very first. And no one can meddle with your settlement."

"Oh, my darling," Mrs. Sharp exclaimed, with her plump arms round him, by the looking-glass, "you are almost too good for this world, Luke! You think of every body in the world except yourself. It is not the right way to get on, dear. We must try to be a little harder."

"I have thought so, Miranda; I must try to do it. Petty little sentiments must be dropped. We must rise and face the state of things which it has pleased Providence to bring about. I am responsible for a great deal of it, and, with your assistance, I will see it through. We must take Kit in hand at once. My dear wife, can I rely upon you?"

"Luke, you may rely upon me for any thing short of perjury; and if it comes to that, I must think first."

"No man ever had a better, any more than he could have a lovelier, wife, or one so perpetually young." With these words, Mr. Sharp performed some little operations which, even in the "highest circles," are sometimes allowed to be brought about by masculine hands, when clever enough; and before very long this affectionate pair went down to breakfast and enjoyed fried eel.

Kit, who had caught this fine eel, was not there; perhaps he was gone forth to catch another; so they left him the tail to be warmed up. In the present condition of his active mind, and the mournful absence of his beloved, Christopher found a dark and moody pleasure in laying night-lines. If his snare were successful, he hauled out his victim, and, with a scornful smile, dispatched him; if the line held nothing, he cast it in again, with a sigh of habitual frustration. This morning, however, he was not gone forth on his usual round of inspection, but had only walked up to the livery-stables to make sure of his favorite hack for the day. He had made up his mind that he must see Grace that very same day, come what would of it; he would go much earlier, and watch the door; and if this bad fortune still continued, he would rush up at last and declare himself.

But this bold resolve had a different issue; for no sooner had the young man, with some reluctance and self-reproach, dealt bravely with a solid breakfast, than he was requested by his dear mother to come into his father's little study.

Now this invitation was not in accordance with the present mood of Christopher. He had made up his mind to be off right soon for the bowers of his beloved, with a roll and some tongue in his little fishing creel, and a bottle of beer in each holster. In the depth of the wood he might thus get on, and enjoy, to the utmost permission of his heart, all the beauty of nature around him. It was a cruel blow to march instead for a lecture from the governor, whose little private study he particularly loathed, and regarded as the den of the evil one. However, he set up his pluck and went.

Mr. Sharp, looking (if possible) more upright and bright than usual, sat in front of the large and strong-legged desk, where he kept his more private records, such as never went into the office. Mrs. Sharp also took a legal chair and contemplated Kit with a softer gaze. He with a beating heart stood up, like a youth under orders to construe.

"My son," began the father and the master, in a manner large and affable, "prepare yourself for a little surprise on the part of those whose principal object is your truest welfare. For some weeks now you have made your dear mother anxious and unhappy, by certain proceedings which you thought it wise and manly to conceal from her."

"Yes, you know you did, Kit!" Mrs. Sharp interposed, shaking her short curls and trying to look fierce. The boy, with a deep blush, looked at her, as if every body now was against him.

"Christopher, we will not blame you," resumed Mr. Sharp, rather hastily, for fear that his wife should jump up and spoil all. "Our object in calling you is not that. You have acted according to our wishes mainly, though you need not have done it so furtively. You have formed an attachment to a certain young lady, who leads for the present a retired life in a quiet part of the old Stow Wood. And she returns your affection. Is it so, or is it not?"

"I—I—I," stammered Kit, seeking for his mother's eyes, which had buried themselves in her handkerchief, "I can't say a word about what she thinks. She—she—she has got such a fashion of running away so. But I—I—I—well, then, it's no good telling a lie about it; I am deucedly fond of her."

"That is exactly what I wished to know, though not expressed very tastefully. Well, and do you know who she is, my son?"

"Yes, I know all that quite well; as much as any fellow wants to know. She is a young lady, and she knows all the flowers, and the birds, and the names of the trees almost. She can put me right about the kings of England; and she knows my dogs as well as I do."

"A highly accomplished young lady, in short?"

"Yes; I should say a great deal more than that. I care very little for accomplishments. But—but—if I must come to the point—I do like her, and no mistake."

"Then you would not like some other man to come and run away with her, quite against her will?"

"That man must run over my body first!" cried Kit, with so much spirit that his father looked proud, and his poor mother trembled.

"Well, well, my boy," continued the good lawyer, "it will be your own fault if the villain gets the chance. I am doing all I can to provide against it, and am even obliged to employ some man of a nature not at all congenial to me for—for that very reason. You are sure that you love this young lady, Kit?"

"Father, I would not say any thing strong, but I would go on my knees all the way from here to there for the smallest chance of getting her."

"Very good. That is as it should be. I would have done the very same for your dear mother. Mamma, you have often reminded me of it when any thing—well, those are reminiscences; but they lie at the bottom of every thing. A mercenary marriage is an outrage to all good feeling."

"She has not got sixpence, father; she told me so. She makes all the bread, and she puts by all the dripping."

"My dear boy, you know, then, what a good wife is. Mamma, we shall have to clear out the room where the rocking-horse is, and the old magic lantern, and let this young couple go into it."

"My dear, it would be a long job; and there are a great many cracks in the paper; but still we could have in old Josephine."

"Those are mere details, mamma. But this is a serious question, and the boy must not be hurried. He may not have made up his mind, or he may desire to change it to-morrow. He is too young to have any settled will; and there is no reason why he should not wait—"

"Not a day will I wait—not an hour would I wait; in ten minutes I could pack every thing."

"He might wait for months, my dear Miranda, and sound his own feelings, and the young girl's too, if we could only be certain that the young man of rank with the four bay horses was not in earnest when he swore to carry her off to-morrow."

"My dear husband," Mrs. Sharp said, softly, "let us hope that he meant nothing by it. Such things are frequently said, and come to nothing."

"I tell you what it is," Kit almost shouted, with his fist upon the sacred desk, "you can not in any way enter into my feelings upon such matters. I beg your pardon; that is not what I mean, and I ought never to have said it. But still, comparatively speaking, you can take these things easily, and go on, and think people foolish—but I can not. I know when my mind is made up, and I do it. And to stop me with all sorts of nonsense—at least to find fifty reasons why I should do nothing—is the surest of all ways to make me do it. I have many people who will follow me through thick and thin; though you may not believe it, because you can not understand me, and your views are confined to propriety. Mine are not. And you may find that out in a very short time. At any rate, if I do a thing that brings you, father and mother, into any evil words, all I can say is, you never should have stopped me."

With this very lucid expression of ideas, Christopher strode away, and left his parents petrified—as he thought. Mrs. Sharp was inclined to be a dripping well, but Mr. Sharp was dry enough. "Exactly, exactly," he said, as he always said when a thing had come up to his reckoning; "nothing could have been done much better. Put the money in his best breeches pocket, my dear, without my knowledge, and at the back-door kiss him. Adjure him to do nothing rash; and lend him your own wedding ring, and weep. For a runaway match the most lucky of all things is the man's mother's wedding ring. And, above all things, not a word about his rival, until he asks—and then all mystery; only you know a great deal more than you dare tell."

"Oh, Luke, are you sure that it will all go aright?"

"Miranda, tell me any thing we can be sure of, and you will have given me a new idea. And I want ideas; I want them sadly. My power of invention is failing me—or, at any rate, that of combining my inventions. You did not observe that I was nervous, did you?"

"Nervous, Luke!—you nervous! I should think that the end of the world was coming if I saw any nervousness in you. And in the presence of a boy, indeed—"

"My dear wife, I will give you my word that I felt—well, I will not say 'nervous,' if you dislike it—but a little uncomfortable, and not quite clear, when I saw how Kit was taking things. Real affection is a dreadful thing. I did not want so much of it. I meant to have told him who she is, and the turn of things made me doubt about it. But he is quite up for any thing now, I believe, though he must be told before he goes; but he is such a calf that he must not imagine that she has a sixpence to bless herself. He would fly off in a moment if he guessed the truth. He must know her name; and that you must tell him; and you know how to explain it all a thou sandfold better than I do."

"Possibly I do," replied Mrs. Sharp; "I may have some very few ideas of my own; although, according to you, Mr. Sharp, I am only the mother of a calf."

"Very well said, my dear. And I have the honor of being his father." They smiled at one another, for they both knew how to give and take.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Thurston, who, nearly simultaneously with Commander L. A. Beardslee, ascertained that an increased power of resisting stress was developed in iron and steel by their subjection to a strain which produced distortion beyond the elastic limit, and gave them a set, has lately presented a paper to the American Society of Civil Engineers, in which he has given the results of extended researches as applied to other metals. He concludes that the simple extension or straining of any member of any metallic structure is not a cause of weakness except where it produces an actual reduction of section resisting rupture, or where it brings the line of stress into a new direction, in which it acts either with a larger component of force in the former direction of stress, or, as in the case of a re-flexure of the metal, it takes the metal at disadvantage strategetically after a new disposition of its particles has taken place.

The conclusion seems also proper that the elevation of the elastic limit by strain can only occur in metals which are elastic, and are capable of being placed in a condition of reduced resisting power by internal stress, by artificial or external force.

Finally, the conclusion has been arrived at that structures are not weakened by stresses

exceeding the elastic power of their members, whatever the material of which they are composed, and even when made of metals having no elasticity, and capable of yielding, like tin, by flow, unless such strains as are produced are productive of actual molecular disruption.

The applications of the moss-bunker, menhaden, or porgy, a well-known fish of the herring family, in the manufacture of oil and guano, are well understood. The fish when taken for this purpose is first steamed and then subjected to a heavy pressure, by which the oil is squeezed out, and the refuse or scrap left behind. The oil is used in the manufacture of soaps, the dressing of hides, etc., while the scrap is converted into fertilizers of various kinds.

It is now stated that a new use has been found for this scrap, namely, that of employing it as a source whence a large amount of ammonia and other nitrogenous products may be obtained. This is accomplished by a certain process of treatment with lime. It is proposed to prepare from this substance a sulphate of ammonia by treating it with sulphuric acid of the refineries of petroleum. Doubtless other chemical products will also be attempted.

The menhaden is also put up in oil in numerous establishments in New Jersey, and sold as the American sardine, ocean trout, etc., and sometimes is also put up in spices and pickled.

Mr. Goodale, of Maine, has recently suggested another application of this fish, in the preparation of a meat juice, which he claims is extremely palatable and nourishing, quite equal in these respects to any of the articles of a similar kind known in the trade, while at the same time the value of the fish for oil and guano is undiminished.

Among the deaths of naturalists not heretofore mentioned in our columns are those of Alexander Borlan, of Angers, France, a local botanist; Ernst Ferdinand Nolte, of Kiel, a veteran botanist, on the 13th of February, at the age of eighty-four; Lieutenant-General Jacobi, the monographer of the genus Agave, at Berlin.

Notwithstanding the immense numbers of remains of prehistoric villages and dwellings built on piles in the marshes and lakes of Central Europe, very little is known of the osteology of the builders, the burial-places having almost entirely escaped a very careful and critical search. The suggestion of the practice of cremation is met by the absence of charred bones, which would necessarily have been preserved to some extent; and immersion of the bodies in the water is disproved by the absence of any portion of the skeleton in the mud of the vicinity.

A discovery, however, has lately been made in the vicinity of one of these localities in Switzerland of a grave, which probably contains the members of a particular family. Here two large granite slabs were found, covering a chamber walled around by large vertical stone plates, and in the inclosure thus formed were found the remains of from ten to fifteen skeletons. Two skulls were in good condition; the others were fragmentary. The crania were found in the corners of the room, while the long bones were heaped up toward the middle. With these were found several perforated teeth of wild animals, a well-made axe of serpentine, bronze pins, four armlets of copper, and a bronze button.

The second volume of the new series of the Bulletin of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, issued by Dr. Hayden, is occupied almost exclusively by a series of papers on ethnology, the most important being an account of the ancient remains in Southwestern Colorado, Arizona, and Utah, by Messrs. Holmes and Jackson. Numerous interesting and well-designed illustrations embellish these papers, an almost entirely new field of research being thus opened up to the consideration of American antiquarians. These exhibit the residences of the former people, some of which are very extended, and situated in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, perched upon the summit of ridges, hidden under overhanging cliffs, packed away in the crevices of the rocks, and generally in localities capable of being defended by the occupants from every attack. While the lowland villages are principally of adobe, the cliff houses are generally of stone, and sometimes well cut and dressed, neatly jointed, and laid in mortar.

Mr. Scudder furnishes to the Bulletin a paper on the fossil coleoptera from the Rocky Mountain treasures.

The annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, for 1875, has been published under the supervision of its curator, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, giving an account of the principal additions to the museum during the year. These consist principally of sundry collections deposited by Harvard College, and those made by Mr. Agassiz himself on the west coast of South America, from Valparaiso to Lima, and along the line eastward from the coast to Lake Titicaca. This lake was well explored, and with some interesting results. Mr. Agassiz is gratified at being able to report that Dr. John L. Le Conte, of Philadelphia, has guaranteed the donation of his extended collection of North American coleoptera to the museum, and that Dr. Brewer proposes to make the same disposition in regard to his collection of eggs, surpassed only in this country by that of the Smithsonian Institution.

The report of the Agassiz Memorial Fund also accompanies the report of the trustees of the museum; and we are gratified to learn that the sum of $310,673 99 has been received or pledged, so that it now becomes possible to carry into effect the plan for the perfection of the museum contemplated and desired by Professor Louis Agassiz before his death.

The largest donations to the fund are those of Mr. Alexander Agassiz, of $25,000; of Mr. Theodore Lyman, of $10,000; of Nathaniel Thayer, $5000; and Stephen Salisbury, $5000.

The death is announced, on the 19th of January, at the age of sixty-seven, of the Rev. Augustus Wing, of Rochester, Vermont. This gentleman was especially interested in geology, although not to any extent an author. His special subject was the investigation of the rocks of Vermont, especially the crystalline limestone, quartzite, and slates of the central portion of the State. By the discovery of lower Silurian fossils in the crystalline limestone, according to Professor Dana, he threw much light on the geology of metamorphic New England.

Professor Charles F. Hartt, who visited Brazil, at the invitation of the government, mainly for the purpose of prosecuting a geological exploration of the country, has lately been appointed director of the geological department of the National Museum at Rio, in which capacity he will doubtless be most happy to enter into relations of exchange and correspondence with American institutions, to their mutual benefit.

An interesting addition to the scientific journals of America has lately been made in the *Revista de Horticultura*, published at Rio de Janeiro under the editorial direction of Mr. F. Albuquerque, an extremely accomplished botanist and naturalist of Brazil, and a former resident of Rio Grande do Sul, but now living in Rio de Janeiro, and connected with the Imperial Museum of Natural History. The work is published monthly in quarto, and is rich in original matter of much interest, and is embellished with numerous wood-cut engravings.

Mr. Phillips Jodrell has lately placed at the disposal of the Royal Society the sum of $30,000, to be applied in any manner that the society may consider for the time being most conducive to the encouragement of original research in the physical sciences. It is not his wish that this should be invested, but that the entire amount be expended for the purpose stated.

Within a few years the importance of a careful study of the climatic conditions of a region in connection with its fisheries has been fully appreciated, and the Scottish Meteorological Society has taken the lead in securing the necessary data.

In a recent report they remark that the catch of salmon in the rivers increases with the temperature, the higher the temperature, the greater the number of fish, and that whenever the temperature of the river was considerably in excess of that of the sea, the "take" of salmon, grilse, and trout was largely increased. The contrary was said to be the fact with reference to the herring, namely, that the catch is greatest when the temperature of the sea is lowest. Again, in cold zones of the sea the catch is greater than in the surrounding warmer water, and the readings of the temperature of the vertical strata of the sea showed that the herring seemed to prefer the colder strata. After heavy thunder or wind storms the herring seemed to go away to the deep sea. In conclusion, the propriety is urged upon the fishermen of taking observations of the temperatures not only at the surface, but at various depths, and of recording these in connection with their catches, from which information of great practical value may be expected.

Among recent deaths is that of Dr. Parkes, in March last, at the age of fifty-six. This gentleman was a well-known army surgeon, who contributed many important papers to science of physiological and biological merit, his most important being those upon the effect of alcohol upon the human body, and on the effects of diet and increase in the elimination of nitrogen during muscular action.

It is proposed to hold an international convention of archæologists at Philadelphia during the Centennial, for the purpose of increasing the means of information in regard to American archæology and ethnology. It is expected that rooms will be furnished, through the State Archæological Society of Ohio, in the Ohio Building. The first meeting will be held at 2 o'clock P.M., September 4. A special subsection of anthropologists has been formed in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which will meet on the 23d of August at Buffalo; and the 4th of September has been fixed upon, so as to allow members interested in the subject to proceed from Buffalo to Philadelphia.

As a large number of the best specimens of American archæology will be concentrated at the International Exposition, this will furnish a most favorable opportunity for a critical study and comparison. The exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution and the Indian Bureau will be much the largest of the series, but many very superb local displays will also be made.

Persons intending to be at the meeting are requested to notify Rev. S. D. Peet, of Ashtabula, Ohio, or Professor F. W. Putnam, secretary of the American Association, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The ladies of Manchester, England, have called the attention of shop-keepers to the necessity of providing seats for the use of sales-women when not actually engaged in waiting upon customers. They say that they believe the practice of continuous standing has largely arisen from the idea that ladies like the appearance of shop-women standing in readiness for customers. The number of signatures to this appeal—which is very large—must remove this impression. In many show-rooms stationary seats have been placed, and in other very busy shops small folding seats for occasional rest have been arranged.

The number of newspapers and other periodicals published in the Austrian Empire during the past year was 810, of which 279 were political journals.

A novel entertainment was recently given at Trenor's Hall, in the shape of a supper to the Fifth Avenue stage-drivers. It was in recognition of a courtesy to the New York Coaching Club on the occasion of the four-in-hand parade a short time ago. The drivers gave the coaching party a clear road along the avenue, by keeping the omnibuses on either side; and the club reciprocated by giving the drivers a good dinner. It was an odd company that met around the tables about midnight, the men generally coming directly from their stages without any special preparation. There were about seventy in number, and they did justice to the ample supper provided, the members of the club mingling with them, and engaging them in conversation as far as possible.

When May-day comes in like a blustering March morning, it is not strange that there is a general complaint of sore throats. This being the great Centennial year, perhaps Washington's remedy for sore throat may prove of special efficacy. What was it? Why, simply, "onions boiled in molasses." He recommended it, once upon a time, to a beautiful young lady of his acquaintance—Miss Ellery—who was suffering from a severe sore throat. She heroically took the dose, and was cured. Moreover, she lived to the age of ninety-three—though we do not know as the onions and molasses had any effect to prolong her life.

The state apartments at Windsor Castle remain closed until after her Majesty's return from Germany—a very unusual occurrence, which greatly disappoints visitors.

Published statistics show that an immense quantity of "game" and "poultry" was sold in Paris during the year 1875. The returns included 2,386,680 larks, 658,661 partridges, 582,132 wild rabbits, 367,547 hares, 130,799 quails, 87,187 pheasants, 46,709 blackbirds, 35,854 thrushes and fig-peckers, 24,230 woodcocks, 21,049 lapwings, 14,190 prairie hens, 11,584 snipe, and thousands of birds of various other kinds, as well as deer, boars, squirrels, chamois, etc. Under the general name of "poultry" there were sold 5,656,779 chickens, 2,156,610 tame rabbits, 1,583,317 pigeons, 706,389 geese, 695,648 ducks, 479,816 turkeys, 126,539 kids, 28,660 lambs and sucking pigs, 14,956 guinea-fowls, etc. Altogether the game and poultry sold during the year in Paris represented a weight of more than 21,000 tons, or about twenty-five pounds for each of the inhabitants of Paris.

The obituary column of a recent number of the Philadelphia *Ledger* contains notices of the deaths of seventeen persons—six men and eleven women—who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years.

A recent biography of Bishop Thirlwall shows him to have been a wonderful specimen of juvenile precocity. At the age of three he learned Latin; at four, he read Greek with "ease and fluency;" at seven, he began to write sermons, and they were so well composed that any young curate might deliver them, and produce a favorable impression upon his hearers.

A wealthy Bremen shoe-maker has adorned the front of his house with life-size statues of three of the most celebrated shoe-makers in German history—holy St. Crispin, Hans von Sagan, and Hans Sachs. The figures of these notabilities have been executed with considerable skill by Herr Kropp, a sculptor of high repute in Bremen, and are said to be very characteristic works, resembling in many respects the productions of the old Nuremberg masters. Hans Sachs, the bard, is represented in the leather apron of his calling, but with a book in his left hand, and a face expressive of mischievous humor; St. Crispin as a saintly personage, who yet does not disdain the smell of leather; and the patriotic Hans von Sagan, bearing the victorious standard, but with a wooden leg, the price he paid for his courage in battle.

Hydrophobia is not confined to what are called "dog-days," by any means. It may occur at any other time. Nor do mad dogs always exhibit a furious appearance. Dr. Hall advises that whenever a person is bitten by any dog, no matter how small or slight the wound, spirits of hartshorn be instantly applied and continued for at least half an hour—hartshorn being one of the most accessible antidotes that can be used.

Any thing which suggests the idea of *rest* will not fail to interest the majority of visitors to the Centennial. Consequently the magnificently carved chairs which have been sent from England can not fail to attract much attention, and many a weary sight-seer will long to give them a trial.

The numerous families in New York who have been annoyed and alarmed by the deterioration of the Croton water through the presence of decayed fishes in the mains have been recently encouraged by assurances from the Aqueduct Department that active measures have been commenced to remedy the evil. For some days the process of what is called "blowing out" the pipes has been carried forward in the lower parts of the city, and will be extended. The chief engineer of the department has expressed the opinion that the evil will be removed by the thorough blowing out of the pipes; and meantime the unpleasant fishy taste and odor, although a source of much annoyance, have not been, he thinks, seriously unwholesome. On the other hand, it is freely asserted by citizens that the presence of the dead fish in the pipes is a constant source of disease, and that "blowing out" the pipes will only result in a temporary relief. What they demand is that the fish which are known to infest the reservoirs be removed, and that frequent examinations of the reservoirs and pipes be made in the future. If these prognostications of continued annoyance from this cause are realized, the temperance societies should take the matter up; for how can people be expected to drink cold water if they can not have pure cold water to drink?

A personal friend of A. T. Stewart says that he once remarked to that gentleman: "Mr. Stewart, I have often wondered what will become of your great mercantile interests when you pass away, for no one who has the means to carry on such a business would invest it in dry-goods in these days."

"Oh," said he, "my business does not depend on any one man; it depends upon a principle—to buy as cheap as I can, and to sell as cheap as I can. The rest takes care of itself."

Horse-car views. A gentleman says: "When I am seated in a crowded car and a lady enters, I think some other man ought to get up and give her a seat. I look around to see if any man will do so, and when I see them all keep their seats, I hide my face behind my newspaper and blush for my sex."

Again, as a lady enters, an elderly gentleman rises.

Lady. "Don't rise, I beg of you. I much prefer you should keep your seat, Sir."

"Should be very happy to accommodate you, madam, but I want to get out here."

Instructors of the deaf and dumb have differed as to the practicability and advantage of training them to use the voice, and to respond by spoken language to what is communicated to them by signs or writing. M. Magnat, of the French Academy, now declares that whatever objections may exist to the plan of teaching the deaf to speak, it is not an untried novelty. It was devised and put in successful practice upward of a century ago by Pereira, a native of Spain, who passed his active life in Bordeaux, France, devoted to the education of the deaf and dumb. A lad placed under his charge in 1745 was taught to speak intelligibly, and to understand ordinary words by watching the lips of a person addressing him. The celebrated naturalist Buffon was appointed to examine the case, and he declared that the boy "replied with great accuracy in speaking and writing to numerous questions put to him," and that "there can be no doubt that by this method the deaf and dumb could be taught to converse with other people." At this time, 1749, Pereira's fame was very great. The most illustrious men in France—Buffon, La Condamine, D'Alembert, and Diderot—indorsed his method.

The *Grand Republic*, a new steamer running from St. Louis, is the largest steamer ever built for Western waters, being 350 feet in length, 101 feet in width; beam, 56 feet 8 inches; 54 feet 6 inches floor; hull, 10½ feet deep in the clear. The boiler deck is 30 feet long. The main or saloon cabin is 270 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and 15 feet in height, and is furnished in the highest elegance and luxury. She has capacity for 5000 tons of cargo, and stowage room for 15,000 bales of cotton; will accommodate 400 first cabin and 500 deck passengers. Notwithstanding her immense size and carrying capacity, her draught of water is very light, being but 33 inches forward and 50 inches aft.

Among the curiosities sent to the Centennial Exhibition are two volumes of Bowditch's *Navigator* in the Japanese language. They are owned by the Rev. D. Damon, of Honolulu. The work is one of twenty copies which were all made by hand, and with incredible neatness and skill, in Japan, about twenty years ago. The book is written on thin paper, and the pages are double, in the ordinary Chinese and Japanese style, and are curiously illustrated with pictures and diagrams. These volumes were presented to Dr. Damon by the translator, John Mung, whose eventful career in Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and the United States would make a curious history.

Mr. W. F. Wakeman, in a paper in the Journal of the Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland, describes a curious custom of cursing in the county of Fermanagh: "A peculiar manner of cursing—one, at least, that, so far as I know, has not hitherto been recorded—though rapidly dying out, still rather extensively prevails in Fermanagh. It is called the 'Fire of stones,' and the melediction is usually fulminated by tenants who suppose themselves to be in danger of wrongful eviction. The *modus operandi* is extremely primitive, simple, and original; how far it is effective it is difficult to say. The plaintiff (if I may use the term) collects from the surrounding fields as many small bowlders as will fill the principal hearth of the holding he is being compelled to surrender. These he piles in the manner of turf sods arranged for firing; and then, kneeling down, prays that, until that heap burns, may every kind of sweat, bad luck, and misfortune attend the landlord and his family to untold generations. Rising, he takes the stones in armfuls and hurls them here and there, in loch, pool, bog hole, or stream, so that by no possibility could the collection be recovered."

Mr. Wakeman further quotes, from memory, some lines from an Irish poem, by Dr. Samuel Ferguson, in illustration of this custom:

"They hurled their curse against the king;
They cursed him in his flesh and bones;
And even in the mystic ring
They turned the maledictive stones."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady had married a young and rather fast man. On one occasion, shortly after their marriage, the husband was about to set off on a journey. His wife accompanied him to the railway station, and there bade him adieu. "Charles," she said, "remember that you are married." "Caroline," he rejoined, with alacrity, "I will make a memorandum of it." And he at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

A cool young gent, all of the modern days, entered a menagerie with a cigar in his mouth, when the proprietor politely requested the visitor not to teach the other monkeys bad habits. The young man proved himself equal to the occasion by producing his cigar-case and saying, "Try one."

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition?—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

The Voices of the Night—Those blessed babies.

A young lady, in a class studying physiology, made answer to a question put, that in seven years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L——," said the young tutor, "in seven years you will cease to be Miss L——." "Why, yes, Sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

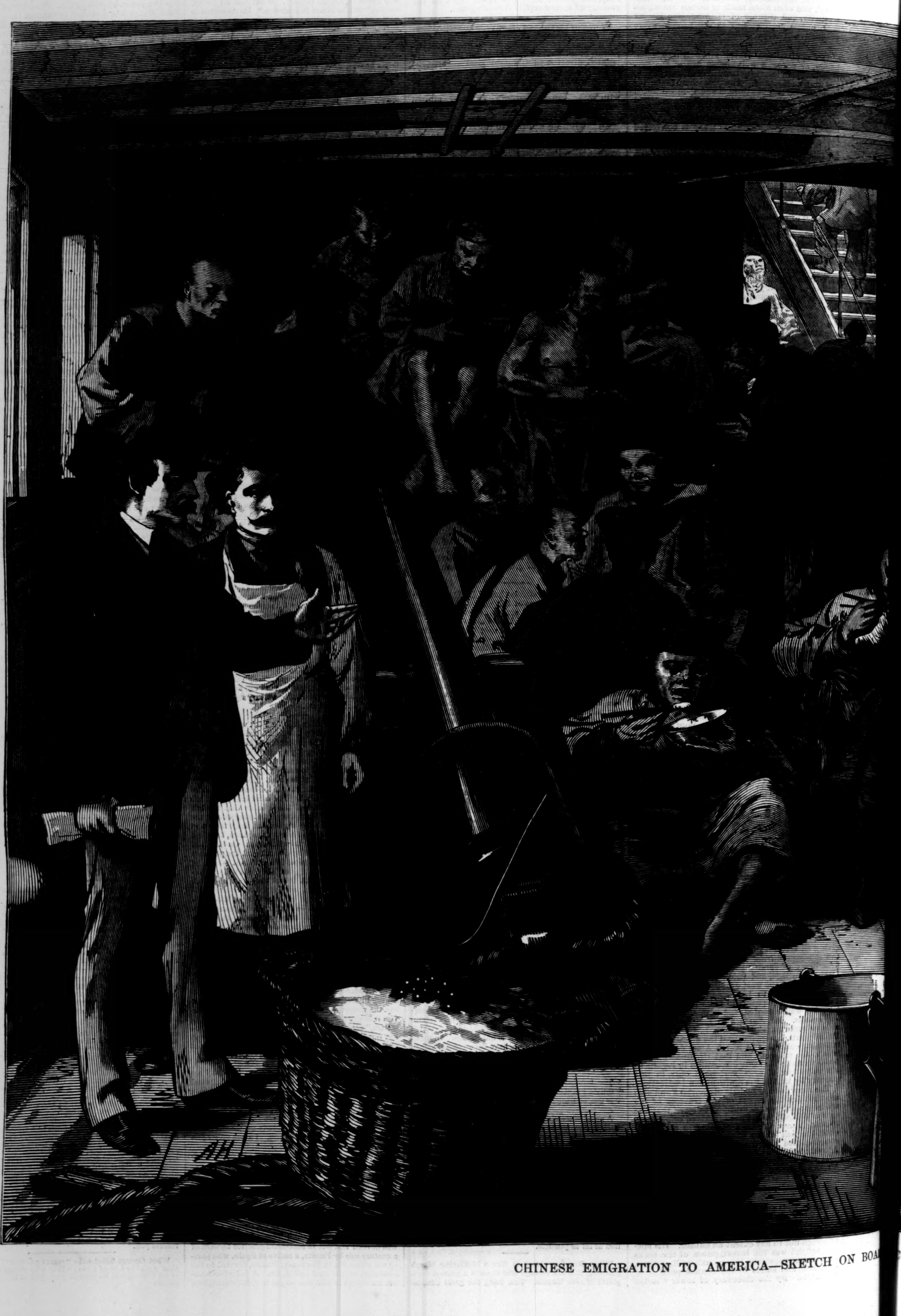
A bad Spell.—"Thomas, spell weather," said a school-master to one of his pupils. "W-i-e-a-t-h-i-o-u-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher. "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

A contemporary represents an old lawyer as saying to a student, "Don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case." This is reversing the natural order of things. When a young man looks upon a girl is just the time he learns to plead a case—his case with her—and no old graybeard can teach him how to do it half as well as if he is left to himself. The test of success is that he wins his case.

"Well," said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw any thing like that." "Like that!" quoth the latter; "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern twa miles frae whaur I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

In a car, the other day, an old lady seated opposite a sharp-looking gentleman kept her eyes on him a long time, and finally asked, "Mister, are you a pickpocket?" "Why, no, madam; I'm a tradesman," he answered. "Is that so?" she sighed. "Well, I'm awfully disappointed. I wanted to try and see if I could reform you."

What George Eliot calls "warm paleness" is identical with the hue of a man's face who struggles wildly on the edge of an orange peel, and is too pious to swear.



CHINESE EMIGRATION TO AMERICA—SKETCH ON BOA

N BOA... CIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "ALASKA."—[See Page 411.]

COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS

[SEE ILLUSTRATION IN SUPPLEMENT.]

"Now Welcome to these Western shores!" behold, Columbia cries:
A glory round her star-girt brow and in her beaming eyes,
Her arms outstretched, her head upraised, her banner high unfurled,
She greets the nations as they come—a Congress of the World!

She waits in gentle majesty upon the soil where Penn
First taught the troubled Western World the brotherhood of men.
His spirit lingers in her look, his tones within her voice,
That calls aloud throughout the earth, "Come ye, with me rejoice!
Come ye like armies, but without the slow and measured tramp;
Nor rank nor file; forgotten all the insignia of the camp.
Come ye in peace; no war-cloud now casts shadow o'er the land;
No thought of strife: like host and guest, we meet with clasped hand."

Behold! they come: their steeds are fire, outspread the swelling sail;
Their footsteps touch our eager shores; the nation cries, "All hail!"
A shout of rapture cleaves the air; a thousand welcomes sound:
They come! the stranger's foot is set on friendship's hallowed ground.

Amid the glittering array, fair Spain claims greeting first:
The iron bands of ignorance her sons had strength to burst:
When locked within a watery world none other dared to brave,
Columbus rose in might, and wrung the secret from the wave.
Thy Queen had manned the deck he trod to triumph o'er the main:
Thou land of sunshine, thine the praise—All hail to thee, O Spain!

To England, then, whose pilgrim band first reared upon our sod
Their altars sacred to the names of Liberty and God.
Thine impress lies upon our life, O England, proud and bold.
Foremost among thy children's names our own is still enrolled.
Thou wouldst have curbed the adult strength that struggled to be free;
Yet grown-up children can not cling around a mother's knee.
We only shook thy shackles loose that we might clasp thy hand,
As sons their sires, when, side by side, of equal height they stand.
Nearest to us of all who come, we spring to thy embrace,
Our mother England! we are not a strange or alien race.
Thou leav'st to visit us to-day thy proud ancestral domes,
As one who journeys to behold her children in new homes.

Hail to thee, France! Thy noble sons did many a valiant deed.
Thine arm sustained our failing strength in hour of direst need.
Behold the name of Lafayette! we write it side by side
With his, the Father of our land, her savior and her pride.
Baptized with fire, the war-cloud since has darkened o'er thy brow;
Yet, like a giant, maimed a while, thy strength returneth now.
True to thyself, as true to us, the furnace seven times hot
Through which thy suffering feet have trod, ere long shall be forgot.
And since for us in days gone by thy sons left song and dance,
Columbia greets thee as of old, thou great and glorious France!

All hail, Germania! from thy seat beside the castled Rhine;
The language that was learned beside the River of the Vine
Rings out a welcome on the air; its accents greet thine ear;
The children of the Father-land, they spring to meet thee here.
Columbia knows thy voice of old. Behold! she bids thee stand,
With foreign soil beneath thy feet, no stranger in the land.
The tidings of thy warlike deeds have sounded o'er the sea;
Mighty in war, thou lovest peace. Germania! hail to thee!

Thus one by one before her eyes they pass in proud review;
The nations of the earth arise, the Old World and the New,
With trophies from the glowing South and from the frozen North,
From Orient and Occident—behold, they hasten forth.
Columbia bows her stately head; no younger land can vie
With all the storied wealth that glows beneath an Eastern sky.
The fabrics spun by Europe's looms she may not match in hue;
Her sons wore homespun many a year; her silken robes are new.

And ye who come from Europe's shores, expect not to behold
Within the New World's borders all the wonders of the Old;
Our nation is of yesterday, and all but Nature young;
From forest and from wilderness our towns and cities sprung;
No gorgeous palaces have we to match your stately piles—
Cathedrals old and gray with time, in whose dim-lighted aisles
The feet of many centuries have worn the graven stones
Beneath whose sculptured effigies sleep many a hero's bones;
We can not boast the treasured art of Athens and of Rome:
Not these we offer to your gaze in Freedom's Western home.

Our labors are of sterner mould: Columbia may not boast,
But yet may point with modesty that e'en becomes a host
Who leads a guest throughout his halls—one who desires to know
What of the richest and the best their master has to show.
Behold our lands, their wide extent; and yet from sea to sea
Our steeds of fire on paths of steel sweep on triumphantly.
Behold the lightning chained and bound, whose flash can well reveal
Each impulse at the nation's heart that guides the common weal.
And threaded by the silver streams traced out by man's own hand,
The produce of our prairies wide flows forth to all the land.
A thousand cities fleck the plain; their towers and steeples high,
They shimmer in the glittering sun, and point toward the sky.
Our ships ride on the swelling wave, and each one as it goes
Reveals the story of the wealth with which our land o'erflows.
Our tasks were homely; but when sure the firm foundation lies,
Naught lacks but time: the years shall see the glorious fabric rise.

A hundred years of weal and woe; and thus our work has sped;
And yet within the century that o'er her life has fled,
Three times Columbia bared her breast to meet a mortal shock;
Three times her pure and peaceful brow the war god rose to mock.
She bent beneath the discipline of blood and fire and sword;
And, purified like saints of old, her voice rings out abroad,
"Send forth your suffering and your poor!" To them the summons goes;
Behold! to them the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
The forests yield, the wheat fields rise, the rocks retire apace,
And richest harvests crown the land in Freedom's dwelling-place;
Our sons, like Judah's, sit beneath the fig-tree and the vine;
The olive and the Sharon Rose around our homes entwine.

O ye that journey from afar, from every clime of earth,
Who come to join a sister land in her Centennial mirth,
Take to your heart the welcoming that, heartfelt, we extend,
And hail the auspicious reign of peace, God grant may never end!
Hushed be the brazen throat of war; the battle-flags lie furled;
The light that beamed from Bethlehem's star shine over all the world;
The gracious message that was heard of old in Galilee,
Re-echo now from pole to pole, and ring from sea to sea!
United now as ne'er before, since Time's first cycles ran,
Earth learns the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

ISOLÉE.

THE happiest girl in Rome that morning was Luisa: the happiest, for it was impossible to be happier.

Her feet hardly felt as if they touched the ground as she sped along the narrow street that, turning at sharp angle from the Corso, led to her studio. The sunshine seemed to enter with her into the dim stone passage that, arching from the narrow street, approached her little work-room.

At the entrance of this passage a messenger waited. With a significant glance he held out to her a bunch of violets. Luisa did not see the glance, or she might have resented it: her eyes seized only the flowers, as, saying a careless but sweet-voiced "*Buon giorno*," she took them, in passing, from his hand. The messenger wore the livery of the Count D——.

Luisa, plunging into the dark stone passage, held the violets to her lips. She knew exactly from what garden, and from what nook of the garden, they had been plucked. She knew the exact shape, ay, to the rounded tips of the tapering fingers, of the hand that had plucked them.

But there was work to do, as well as dreaming. She was fulfilling an order given by a liberal Englishman for a copy of Guido's "Aurora"—a picture that can not be copied. She was familiar with its *technique*; she knew by heart where to load the lights, and where to glaze the shadows in finishing. But to-day even for this her skill was inadequate. She said, "I will finish it to-morrow."

Then she took from its hiding-place and placed upon her easel an unfinished portrait.

Luisa dipped her brushes in their separate colors, and began to paint. Hardly had she essayed her touches when the original of the portrait entered. An hour before his time her model confronted her, the Count D——.

With a graceful salutation he had approached and kissed her hand.

And now upon the dais beyond the easel he took his studied position. But he declined from the fixed posture without ceremony. He described a breakfast he had given for some young people, foreigners of beauty and distinction. He pictured the style, the manner, of his guests with shadowy but expressive pantomime, with languid but efficient satire. He ended with a passionate sigh.

"Luisa," he said, "all these people tire me. The amusement they afford does not extend through the brief time of their presence. Before their departure announces my deliverance, I am wearied to the soul. How different is the time I spend with you! Then I wish to lengthen every minute to an hour, every hour to a day. How is this, my little Luisa? You use no art to please, you extend to me not half the warmth I crave, and yet you enchain me as no other woman can or may. Life is worthless to me without you, Luisa *carissima*."

He was sitting for his portrait no longer. Those bewitching refinements of his face that the young artist had been striving to catch "upon the wing" settled into one concentrative energy past the skill of any sensitive woman to portray, certainly past the skill of this girl.

It was evening when Luisa and her lover, hand in hand, came down from the eyried studio into the shadowed thoroughfare.

Two American gentlemen were sauntering through the picture-gallery of the Barberini Palace.

They had entered the third gallery when one of them recognized in the distance a group of friends. "Excuse me, Mark," he said to his companion. "There are the R——s, to whom I owe an apology for a *contretemps* of yesterday. I will rejoin you immediately."

They parted, and Mark Hallett, with many a survey of critical scrutiny, tending to prove that if he had not been born a man of leisure he would have been born an artist, wandered slowly through the gallery.

He paused before the portrait of the daughter of Raphael Mengs. A Roman girl was copying the picture; and the quick perception of expressive beauty which had more than once pronounced the face of the canvas lovely, decided that the young copyist was lovelier still.

He had gazed so intently that the hand with the brush grew unsteady, a blush mantled upon the brown cheek. The young artist had become aware of a fixed stare. These signs of vitality did not lessen Mark's interest in the object of his study. With a genuine emotion of attraction he approached the artist, and begged to be allowed to examine her work.

A manner frank as it was indescribably gentle accompanied the girl's action as she submitted her copy to inspection.

Mark Hallett discovered—not unwillingly, to be sure—peculiar merits. "With your forcible handling," he said, "your clear and delicate touch, you should be a successful artist."

"I have several orders for copies," the girl answered, modestly.

"And have you attempted no originals?"

"Not yet, or only for my own amusement. That would delight me much; it is my art dream."

"If you will allow me," said Hallett, "to bring an American lady to your studio, I feel sure you would receive from her an order for an original."

At this moment he caught sight of his returning friend swooping across the gallery with the R——s in full sail. He seized hastily, but with unmistakable cordiality, the card of address which the Roman girl put into his hand. "In Rome," she said, "all the studios are open; I shall be pleased to receive your American friend."

Mark Hallett sought that evening his hitherto rather neglected country-woman, Mrs. Lea—a liberal spendthrift upon objects of art, and happily, as in this case more to the point, exceedingly tractable to artistic suggestions. Together on the morrow they visited Luisa's studio. "The last time for me," gasped the panting *Américaine*, whose goodly avoirdupois cherished mortal enmity to what its possessor termed "the stairy flights of the city of the soul."

Not the last time for Mark Hallett. He indulged himself in a constant succession of visits. He superintended with immense activity the fulfilling of the generous orders of Mrs. Lea.

To him the pensive Roman girl, with her sudden sallies of dainty genius, her enthusiasms for art, her quick, sunny assents of thoughtful comprehension, her electric and subtle sympathy, became a dearly valued friend.

But such a friendship could not exist, of course, without some intimate conversations; and Hallett on one occasion ventured so near the one dangerous subject, which it is the art of friendship to avoid, as to ask Luisa of her lovers.

She paused suddenly in her work, while her whole expression changed from gay to earnest. The rosy color flashed to her cheeks; the long, beautiful eyelashes were tremulously downcast.

"Are you my friend?" she asked.

"So truly, so devoutly your friend," answered Hallett, "that I feel sure I shall remain so to the very end of my life. Test my friendship, Luisa, whenever you choose; you will not find it weak. And when I go away, I shall not be any less warmly your friend that the ocean rolls between us."

"Do you know," said Luisa, "it is very strange, for you have made a rash promise, but I *believe* you." She gave him one direct glance in saying these words that revealed to him her woman's power of riveting attraction. Her eyelashes dropped again tremulously. "I have a profound reverence for friendship," she said. "Very well, then. To a friend I jest no more. You have asked me a question, and I answer in faith to you, *I have a lover*." She arose from her place at the easel, and stood before him for a second perfectly radiant. "Mr. Hallett, I am not a laborious little artist; I am a proud, happy girl."

But after this confession there came a change over Luisa. Mark Hallett could not, in reviewing those days, determine how soon after their conversation the change appeared, neither could he define exactly its quality. But a shadow, a growing sadness in her manner, became noticeable. He felt perceptibly a daily flagging in the stimulative property of that mental atmosphere of the studio, which to him had been as a healing balm.

One day, on his way to visit Luisa, he bought from a flower girl two bunches of those rich blue-purple Italian violets that have an odor sweeter than any other violets in the world. He bought them carelessly and bestowed them carelessly; for, on entering the studio, he gave one to Luisa's "model," who chanced at that minute to be emerging from the screened space where she had costumed herself to pose for Mrs. Lea's "original." He gave it meaninglessly, with a salutation of the day. The other he presented, with a much more exalted tone of expression and manner, to Luisa. She refused her acceptance.

"They are not welcome to me," she said, without explanation.

But later, in a pause of conversation, she asked—and her voice, low-toned, caught that acute clearness which accompanies a theme earnestly exciting—"Did you know, Mr. Hallett, that violets express *absolute homage?* They are the flowers a man flings unconditionally under the feet of his beloved."

A somewhat embarrassing remark, made, as it was, in presence of the model, who could not so far remain a mere mechanism as to avoid casting a coquettish glance toward "the princely American," who encountered the look with well-veiled consternation. He had offended Luisa! He knew not why; for he gave her on the instant the justice to believe she was actuated by no demeaning jealousy.

He had offended his dear little friend. He snatched up the violets—those innocent, soft-scented, velvet-lipped babies of the sunbeam—he snatched them from the table, where he had lain them down, and flung them out of the window.

Luisa neither frowned nor smiled.

The next day, when at the hour—his hour—Mark Hallett visited the studio, he found it barred; the next day barred; and the next.

The time came when he must leave Rome. He was wandering listlessly through the streets: who knew, since in gallery and in studio he had failed to find a glimpse of her, but he might unaware come upon Luisa?

Wearied at noon, he entered a little church on the Via Quirinalis. A stranger there, he sought but a moment's lingering. But he did not pause to admire the columned oval; and the wreath of milk-white cherubs about the dome was unscanned; nor did he explore the chapels. As for that wondrous ruby in the Stanislaus Chapel—well, he beheld something that eclipsed its deep-veined mystery of the blood-tint in a glimpse that came to him there and then of

"That little red battle-field, the human heart."

There at his right hand, as he entered, one chance vision arrested him. In the first chapel, under the divinely lighted Madonna—"The Nativity" of Correggio, knelt a solitary female figure.

Mark Hallett recognized the fine familiar curves of the petite but *séduisante* image. Yet he made not one step nearer to approach. For a word had reached his ear—a confession far beyond that made to friendship—a revelation of the soul, framed by the intensity of grief into an appealing complaint and cry, to reach the pity of the Holy Mother.

Never since world began have mortal eyes looked upon a naked heart. Nature would rather slay than unveil that palpitating miracle. Mark Hallett, with all his manly and true friendship for Luisa, and his overpowering longing, born on the instant, to succor, to help, that girl whose soul

he knew to be so pure and noble, withdrew himself silently, as with the stealthiness of guilt. He had already heard a word she would not in her utmost trust have said to him. He could not hear more unblamed.

When next he saw her a week had passed, and the studio still remained closed. He lingered unaccountably in Rome. On the very day when, as his chafing vetturino at noon reminded him, he should have been far along the Flaminian Road on his way to Florence, he was going to the Meet with Mrs. Lea.

On the way thither a cavalcade passed which attracted every eye. A murmur of admiration arose from the crowd, and questions, "Who is she?" "Who is the beautiful blonde?" were heard on every side. Others answered, "It is the new bride, the lovely Countess D——."

Almost at the same moment attention was attracted to the footway. A woman had fallen prone upon the pavement almost beneath the riders' feet. The cavalcade confusedly halted. The Count D—— himself alighted. He seemed to give some order to the excited throng, who had quickly turned their attention from the gay vision to the calamity. He wrote a few words on a card, and gave it to one who appeared to recognize the woman, and to have assumed some directing control.

Mark Hallett caught Mrs. Lea's hand with a faith in her sympathy that was not lost upon the good-natured dame. "You will forgive me if I leave you to L——'s escort. I think I can be of service. That unfortunate is known to me."

He followed to her home the unconscious Luisa. The delicacy of his friendship had forbidden him heretofore to penetrate deeply her relations; he had been content with the studio, "open to all;" and now for the first time he entered her dismal dwelling-place. Its aspect indicated more depressing circumstances than he had imagined. Luisa, with all her talent and industry, was poor. Indeed, when did ever the unassisted feminine hand make a fortune? It requires the masculine energy, the man's capability for husbandry, to do that.

Never in his life did Mark Hallett in a single detail lose the impression of the night that followed that entrance into Luisa's home. He sent immediately for a skillful physician, who was, moreover, his esteemed personal friend. Together, with no other auditor than the sobbing mother who knelt at the bedside uttering broken prayers, these two men were forced to listen, from her own fever-stricken lips, to the story of Luisa. And this was the brief history they gathered:

It was not altogether strange that the Count D—— had loved the obscure artist, and asked her to become his wife. Kings, you know, have wedded beggar maids, and Luisa was well-born. Her father had been a lawyer of distinction, who, banished from Rome in the troubled times of 1849, suffered the confiscation of his property, and died in exile of a broken heart. Luisa, without a suspicion of guile, accepted all that the future promised for her with wondering confidence, but with no shadow of distrust. She adored her prince; and just when every thing had assumed the clearness of certainty, and she was about to confide to her mother the fixed fact of her great happiness, her exalting love, and her approaching nuptial day, silence, absence, desertion, fell upon her. The rumor reached her of the marriage of her lover. To-day she had seen his bride.

While still Luisa's life trembled in the balance, Mark Hallett left Rome, but he confided her welfare into the care of his two best-trusted friends. Three months afterward there reached him across the Atlantic a letter of imp..ssioned gratitude. One passage may be quoted:

"I hesitate to say to you, my dear friend, and yet I wish you to know what, even told, you can not fully know—the one bitterest misery your friendship saved me. A person to whom I was in no wise indebted made known to my mother in time of my illness that a sum was to my use allowed. My mother, indeed, had availed herself of what she supposed to be kindness, unknown to me. When the fact reached me, I was enabled, by the miracle of your goodness, to cancel it at once. The acceptance would have *killed* me. I would far rather die than to receive as a benefactor a man I could not esteem."

So Luisa had been brought to speak of the Count D——, once her adored prince. She mentioned "the person," secure in its *inconnu*, for she never knew how her delirium had betrayed the personality. The letter concluded:

"Do not be troubled for me; for, indeed, believe me, I am at last, by much suffering, taught to be penitently and wholly resigned to the will of Heaven that my life should be fatally and irrecoverably *isolée*. For you, my friend, I wish the happiness that I am convinced awaits you in your noble land. Luisa.

"P.S.—The excellent physician you chose for me has proved most punctual and beneficial. L."

Isolée! In his own glad land, surrounded by admiring friends, re-instated into the complete happiness which had for a time seemed lost to him, this word, through all his pleasure, haunted the chivalric heart of Mark Hallett. He carried about with him every where a sympathy with a life flung by adverse circumstance into an alien sphere. The compassion born of this sympathy made him self-forgetful, quick to recognize sorrow. He was known even by strangers as a benefactor of his kind. He was one of those whose influential being proves

"No one is so oppressed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

When events shaped themselves so that he could again visit Rome, the first thought connected with that wondrous city was the thought of his little friend Luisa.

On the very day that he embarked from the western shores of the Atlantic a vessel arrived there, bearing dispatches that would have prevented his Roman visit from being in one respect a surprise.

As it was, he sought at his very first leisure the home of Luisa—to find it deserted. Then he hastened to the house of his trusted friend, who had within a month removed to Florence. Lastly, he sought his good doctor, and from him he had news of Luisa.

The doctor received him with all the delighted cordiality of an old friend, and claimed at once a congratulation upon late but valued happiness that had overtaken him. "Is it possible," he exclaimed to Hallett, who evinced only surprise, "that you have not heard of our marriage?"

Then the doctor overwhelmed his visitor with a recapitulation which, so far as it was intelligible to Hallett, appeared to be the history of an extraordinarily prolonged honey-moon.

"Counting myself the happiest of men," said the doctor, "I still have a rival. What is worse, a rival against whom I am powerless."

He conducted Hallett through many apartments of his spacious house into a charming retreat, that, opening upon a garden, combined in itself the pleasurable attributes of studio, conservatory, boudoir.

There upon an easel, amidst graceful heaps of the most beautiful fresh-cut flowers, each day renewed, stood a portrait, painted by Luisa's hand, of her American friend.

Mark Hallett could not but smile with pleasure and pride as he recognized in the enshrined likeness his own image. His artistic little protégée had not been ungrateful. She had made his face more beautiful than any mirror into which he had ever looked.

"My rival," said the doctor, introducing Hallett to this portrait.

"My rival," said Luisa's husband—her lover, who actually had at this moment his arm around his wife's waist.

Luisa looked up into Hallett's eyes with a kindling smile.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

The entire business of Chinese immigration to our shores is conducted by corporations known as the Six Companies, which transport the Mongolians across the Pacific and assume the care of them, exercising almost absolute authority, until such time as they obtain their freedom through the fulfillment of the contract under which they sailed. The workings of these organizations are somewhat mysterious, and, excepting the fact that they claim to exercise a sort of supervision over the emigrant, and afford aid and protection in time of need, it is difficult to obtain any information about them. They have their agencies in Hong-Kong, and through the Pacific Mail Steamship Company the coolies are shipped for America. Our double-page engraving represents a company of the Celestials on board the vessel *Alaska*, bound for San Francisco.

The price of steerage passage from Hong-Kong to San Francisco is $50 50. This includes subsistence from port to port. The middle deck forward and amidships is fitted up with a framework, upon which comfortable stretchers are placed, each one provided with a canvas bottom. These are all single bunks. The emigrant, as a general thing, furnishes his own bedding or blankets, although when such things are wanting they are furnished by the ship. The food supplied consists of bountiful rations of soup, meat, and vegetables. Tea is regularly given out, and the water supply is, of course, abundant. The food is served in large earthen bowls, and, as every Chinaman carries his "chop-sticks," neither forks, knives, nor spoons are necessary. The emigrants are in charge of an agent of one of the companies, whose business it is to look after them during the voyage and deliver them safely at their destination. Whatever may be the truth in regard to these corporations, there is either good in them, or else they are so terribly enslaving that remonstrance and protest are of no avail, for the parties most interested do not rebel or murmur against their arrangements. Through the companies both living and dead Chinamen are returned to the Flowery Land, and all contracts for labor are effected.

In spite of the murmurs that have arisen concerning the presence of John Chinaman in our land, much can be said in his favor. In the first place, he is an eminently economical institution. His habits, his tastes, his pleasures, even his vices, are cheap. His frugality is worn into his very bones. He is the representative in the human kingdom of the horse that learned to live upon a straw a day. Naturally, among a certain portion of the population, this virtue is his great crime, and undoubtedly "Chinese cheap labor," rather than Chinese bad morals, is at the foundation of the hue and cry that has arisen against the melancholy wearers of the pigtail.

As merchants the Mongolians are not successful. They lack the reckless spirit of venture through which the Caucasian produces such fabulous results. The reputation that clings to them for shrewdness and sagacity in business is fallacious. The whole secret of their success in laying up money lies in the fact that they are the stingiest and most parsimonious race on earth. It would seem as if they were but a few removes from the chameleon, for they can almost subsist upon air, and even manage to thrive upon a small and impure allowance of that. As mechanics the Chinese are utterly without invention or originality, but remarkably skillful as imitators and copyists. The absence of intelligence shown in their work is illustrated by the following story. The captain of a vessel bound for Hong-Kong had in his cabin a fine painting, the beauty of which was marred by a gash cut across the face of the principal figure, the result of an accident. Familiar with the ingenuity shown by the Celestials in reproducing any object before them, he sent the picture ashore with an order that it should be copied. In due time the paintings arrived, each a faultless duplicate of the other, the cut not less apparent in the copy than in the original. The artist had spent hours in the careful elaboration of the blemish that disfigured the first picture.

As carpenters, manufacturers of furniture, and workers in all kinds of wood, the Chinese in San Francisco have crowded out an army of white laborers, who would otherwise be employed at high wages. With all the uses of the sewing-machine they have become familiar, and will work at them sometimes for twelve and fourteen hours in succession. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, a trade of which they knew nothing upon landing, they have made such progress that the whites are unable to compete with them, and at present these necessary articles are sold at a lower price in San Francisco than in any other city on the continent. If there is any branch of mechanical industry in especial demand, the Chinaman is sure to be found at work upon it, and, like the mythical laborers in some parts of Europe, who were once described as able to "work for nothing and live upon less," he soon drives the white man, with his expensive wants, off the course. In all departments of servile labor—as house servants, cooks, scullions, gardeners, and porters—the Mongolian slowly but firmly pushes the Caucasian out of his path, and leaves thousands of the latter race unemployed and suffering for the actual necessaries of life.

But as a laundry-man is the "heathen Chinee" peculiarly successful. Although personal cleanliness is not by any means his distinguishing characteristic, he delights to perform miracles in the way of purifying the soiled linen of other people. More Chinamen are employed in San Francisco in laundry-work than in any other kind of labor. In all parts of the city their wash-houses are to be found, every block containing from four to six establishments of the kind. Nearly all the hotels and many public institutions employ them, and the washing of nine-tenths of all the families in the city is performed by them. A system prevails among these Mongolian washer-men whereby the item of shop rent is reduced to the most economical figure. Two firms occupy the same premises and use the same tubs and materials. One works during the daytime, and at dark surrenders the place to the other, who occupies it until morning. By this system there is a great saving in the way of water and fuel. All work is done by hand, the average Chinaman not caring to meddle with the mysteries of machinery.

As citizens the Chinese are quiet and inoffensive, doing their work conscientiously, and retiring peacefully at night to their own quarter. They are frequently the objects of bitter persecution on the part of the whites, and have even been prevented from attending the mission schools provided for them, fearing to be attacked if seen in the streets after dark.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY, 1876.

Sunday,	21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Tuesday,	23.—Baptist Anniversaries, Buffalo.
Wednesday,	24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	29.—St. Peter.

The negotiations going on between the Vatican and the Spanish government in relation to Article XI. of the Spanish Constitution show an irreconcilable divergence of opinion. The article in question reads thus: "That the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the state, and shall be exclusively maintained by the state; that within the limits of Christian morality freedom of religious *cultus* shall be lawful, but no public manifestations other than those of the Church." The Pope has recently written a letter to the Cardinal of Toledo, in which he says that Article XI. of the Constitution of Spain "violates every right of truth and of the Catholic religion, annuls illegally the Concordat between the Holy See and the Spanish nation, and opens a door to error." So far, the government of Spain stands firmly by the national Constitution.

Several large Sunday-school conventions are announced for this summer. One at Ocean Grove (July 22–30) will be "national," and will have for its speakers and essayists Drs. Ormiston, Duryea, S. H. Tyng, Jun., Deems, Henson, Fuller of Baltimore, Dickinson of Richmond, Bishop Simpson, and other divines of note. One of its features will be a bazar, which will contain specimens of the best Sunday-school appliances. Another is announced to be held at Sea Grove, on Delaware Bay, from June 25 to July 2. There will also be still another, at "Thousand Islands," in the St. Lawrence River, July 19–26.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the times, the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church has advanced in its receipts on the year 1875. The receipts for the year ending May 1, 1875, were $456,718; for the year ending May 1, 1876, $500,086. The total expenses for the last year, including the debt, were $553,866.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, will be the next "Lyman Beecher" lecturer on preaching at the Yale Divinity School.

The later accounts of the dedication of the New American Church (Protestant Episcopal) in Rome confirm the first intelligence of the interest excited by that event. In the week following the consecration by Bishop Littlejohn, of the diocese of Long Island, morning sermons were delivered by the Bishops of Peterborough, Gibraltar, Niobrara; Dr. Henry C. Potter, Lord Plunkett, and the Rev. Stopford Brooke. The church will seat 800 persons, and is a fine specimen of the English-Gothic style of architecture. The tower will contain a chime of twenty-three bells, the first known to Rome.

The American Bible Society will distribute gratuitously on the grounds of the Centennial Exposition a little book containing one verse of the Bible in each one of the languages in which it has printed the Christian Scriptures. Specimen copies of the Society's issues in all styles and languages will be exhibited in the book department of the Exposition.

The Gray Nuns have come again unpleasantly before the public—this time in the city of Montreal. It has been discovered that in the Foundling Hospital, which they maintain there, there is an extraordinary mortality of infant children. Out of 719 admitted in 1875, only eighty-eight survived. The facts have come under the notice of the city authorities. The nuns are not so much charged with neglect as with undertaking a work too great for their resources. Aside, however, from all apologies, the facts are frightful.

The vote of the Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church on synodical representation stands, at the latest accounts, 22 in favor to 69 against.

Among the laborious charities maintained in this city is the care of the St. Barnabas House by the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd (Protestant Episcopal). The Sisterhood numbers three sisters, one assistant, three visitors, and twenty-four associates. As many as 1602 women have been cared for in the House during the year ending April 1, 1876; 21,812 lodgings and 133,590 meals were also given. One of the features of the House is a day nursery for children, where they can be cared for during their mothers' working hours. There is also a "Fresh Air" fund, which is used in furnishing the children excursions to the country during the hot summer weather.

No recent lectures on preaching have given so much satisfaction as those of the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle. They were originally delivered before the Yale Divinity School, and were repeated during the month of April before the students of Oberlin College, Ohio. Here Dr. Taylor had an audience of 800 persons. The churches in which Dr. Taylor preached while there "were crowded to their utmost capacity."

The *Congregational Quarterly* for April publishes a valuable statistical exhibit of the condition of the Congregational theological seminaries in the United States. The seminaries are seven—Andover, Bangor, Chicago, Hartford, New Haven, Oakland, Oberlin. The professors number 36; lecturers, 22; students, 303. Of the whole number of students but 81 are without college education. The libraries of these schools are small. Andover has 30,000 volumes; Bangor, 15,000; Chicago, 5500; Hartford, 7000; Oakland, 2000; the other schools depend on the college libraries.

Among the pleasant gatherings at the Commencement of the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, is the Pastors' Theological Union. It will be held this year June 14. An open invitation is given to all ministers to attend. Among the topics on which essays are announced are, "The Health of the Minister," "The Influence of the Parsonage," "The Doctrine of Prayer," etc., etc.

"The Baptists," says a recent critic, "pull together wonderfully." They are certainly doing so this Centennial year. Besides the many courses of historical sermons East and West, and their great educational movement with which they give emphasis to this year's commemoration, their Centennial Convention of "Social Unions" (May 30 to June 1) promises to be an event of universal interest. The questions to be discussed at the Convention are of the most practical kind.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. M'Ferrin, of the Methodist Church South, has written and published a very hearty letter favoring the restoration of fraternity between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches. He says: "The men selected as Fraternal Messengers are good and true, and will be ready to convey in the most kindly manner the salutations—yea, the genuine Christian salutations—of the Southern Church. Less than this these men of God can not do, and less than this will not give satisfaction to the mass of Southern Methodists. There may be a few men on both sides whose voices 'are still for war,' but I think they are greatly in the minority both North and South."

The Abbé Michaud, well known as one of the most earnest of the French supporters of the Old Catholic movement, has been appointed Ordinary Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Berne. In 1872 Dr. Michaud resigned his position as honorary canon of Chalons and abbé of the Madeleine, but failed to organize an Old Catholic congregation in Paris. His associates in the University School of Theology are Herzog, Hirschwälder, and Woker. There are, however, as yet only eleven Old Catholic theological students at Berne.

The Commencements of the theological seminaries of our country attract every year increased public attention. That at Princeton (April 19–25) was the sixty-fourth, and was a memorable occasion. Dr. Hodge paid a beautiful tribute, at the alumni meeting, to the memory of his classmate the late Bishop Johns, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Virginia. Bishop Johns was originally a Presbyterian, and was expected, at one time, to fill a professor's chair in the Princeton Seminary. A missionary paper read showed that out of the 2000 alumni of the seminary 176 had gone to foreign missions—about one in every eighteen. The record of the educational influence of Princeton Seminary showed that sixty-four college presidents, or one for every year of its history, had been elected from its graduates. Dr. Cuyler said that he was thankful that he was sailing in a stanch ship, and that he and his brethren were not left each "to paddle about on his own particular saw-log"—which was severe, in a good-natured way, on his Congregational friends.

COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS

[SEE ILLUSTRATION IN SUPPLEMENT.]

"Now Welcome to these Western shores!" behold, Columbia cries:
A glory round her star-girt brow and in her beaming eyes,
Her arms outstretched, her head upraised, her banner high unfurled,
She greets the nations as they come—a Congress of the World!

She waits in gentle majesty upon the soil where Penn
First taught the troubled Western World the brotherhood of men.
His spirit lingers in her look, his tones within her voice,
That calls aloud throughout the earth, "Come ye, with me rejoice!
Come ye like armies, but without the slow and measured tramp;
Nor rank nor file; forgotten all the insignia of the camp.
Come ye in peace; no war-cloud now casts shadow o'er the land;
No thought of strife: like host and guest, we meet with clasped hand."

Behold! they come: their steeds are fire, outspread the swelling sail;
Their footsteps touch our eager shores; the nation cries, "All hail!"
A shout of rapture cleaves the air; a thousand welcomes sound:
They come! the stranger's foot is set on friendship's hallowed ground.

Amid the glittering array, fair Spain claims greeting first:
The iron bands of ignorance her sons had strength to burst:
When locked within a watery world none other dared to brave,
Columbus rose in might, and wrung the secret from the wave.
Thy Queen had manned the deck he trod to triumph o'er the main:
Thou land of sunshine, thine the praise—All hail to thee, O Spain!

To England, then, whose pilgrim band first reared upon our sod
Their altars sacred to the names of Liberty and God.
Thine impress lies upon our life, O England, proud and bold.
Foremost among thy children's names our own is still enrolled.
Thou wouldst have curbed the adult strength that struggled to be free;
Yet grown-up children can not cling around a mother's knee.
We only shook thy shackles loose that we might clasp thy hand,
As sons their sires, when, side by side, of equal height they stand.
Nearest to us of all who come, we spring to thy embrace,
Our mother England! we are not a strange or alien race.
Thou leav'st to visit us to-day thy proud ancestral domes,
As one who journeys to behold her children in new homes.

Hail to thee, France! Thy noble sons did many a valiant deed.
Thine arm sustained our failing strength in hour of direst need.
Behold the name of Lafayette! we write it side by side
With his, the Father of our land, her savior and her pride.
Baptized with fire, the war-cloud since has darkened o'er thy brow;
Yet, like a giant, maimed a while, thy strength returneth now.
True to thyself, as true to us, the furnace seven times hot
Through which thy suffering feet have trod, ere long shall be forgot.
And since for us in days gone by thy sons left song and dance,
Columbia greets thee as of old, thou great and glorious France!

All hail, Germania! from thy seat beside the castled Rhine;
The language that was learned beside the River of the Vine
Rings out a welcome on the air; its accents greet thine ear;
The children of the Father-land, they spring to meet thee here.
Columbia knows thy voice of old. Behold! she bids thee stand,
With foreign soil beneath thy feet, no stranger in the land.
The tidings of thy warlike deeds have sounded o'er the sea;
Mighty in war, thou lovest peace. Germania! hail to thee!

Thus one by one before her eyes they pass in proud review;
The nations of the earth arise, the Old World and the New,
With trophies from the glowing South and from the frozen North,
From Orient and Occident—behold, they hasten forth.
Columbia bows her stately head; no younger land can vie
With all the storied wealth that glows beneath an Eastern sky.
The fabrics spun by Europe's looms she may not match in hue;
Her sons wore homespun many a year; her silken robes are new.

And ye who come from Europe's shores, expect not to behold
Within the New World's borders all the wonders of the Old;
Our nation is of yesterday, and all but Nature young;
From forest and from wilderness our towns and cities sprung;
No gorgeous palaces have we to match your stately piles—
Cathedrals old and gray with time, in whose dim-lighted aisles
The feet of many centuries have worn the graven stones
Beneath whose sculptured effigies sleep many a hero's bones;
We can not boast the treasured art of Athens and of Rome:
Not these we offer to your gaze in Freedom's Western home.

Our labors are of sterner mould: Columbia may not boast,
But yet may point with modesty that e'en becomes a host
Who leads a guest throughout his halls—one who desires to know
What of the richest and the best their master has to show.
Behold our lands, their wide extent; and yet from sea to sea
Our steeds of fire on paths of steel sweep on triumphantly.
Behold the lightning chained and bound, whose flash can well reveal
Each impulse at the nation's heart that guides the common weal.
And threaded by the silver streams traced out by man's own hand,
The produce of our prairies wide flows forth to all the land.
A thousand cities fleck the plain; their towers and steeples high,
They shimmer in the glittering sun, and point toward the sky.
Our ships ride on the swelling wave, and each one as it goes
Reveals the story of the wealth with which our land o'erflows.
Our tasks were homely; but when sure the firm foundation lies,
Naught lacks but time: the years shall see the glorious fabric rise.

A hundred years of weal and woe; and thus our work has sped;
And yet within the century that o'er her life has fled,
Three times Columbia bared her breast to meet a mortal shock;
Three times her pure and peaceful brow the war god rose to mock.
She bent beneath the discipline of blood and fire and sword;
And, purified like saints of old, her voice rings out abroad,
"Send forth your suffering and your poor!" To them the summons goes;
Behold! to them the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
The forests yield, the wheat fields rise, the rocks retire apace,
And richest harvests crown the land in Freedom's dwelling-place;
Our sons, like Judah's, sit beneath the fig-tree and the vine;
The olive and the Sharon Rose around our homes entwine.

O ye that journey from afar, from every clime of earth,
Who come to join a sister land in her Centennial mirth,
Take to your heart the welcoming that, heartfelt, we extend,
And hail the auspicious reign of peace, God grant may never end!
Hushed be the brazen throat of war; the battle-flags lie furled;
The light that beamed from Bethlehem's star shine over all the world;
The gracious message that was heard of old in Galilee,
Re-echo now from pole to pole, and ring from sea to sea!
United now as ne'er before, since Time's first cycles ran,
Earth learns the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

ISOLÉE.

THE happiest girl in Rome that morning was Luisa: the happiest, for it was impossible to be happier.

Her feet hardly felt as if they touched the ground as she sped along the narrow street that, turning at sharp angle from the Corso, led to her studio. The sunshine seemed to enter with her into the dim stone passage that, arching from the narrow street, approached her little work-room.

At the entrance of this passage a messenger waited. With a significant glance he held out to her a bunch of violets. Luisa did not see the glance, or she might have resented it: her eyes seized only the flowers, as, saying a careless but sweet-voiced "*Buon giorno*," she took them, in passing, from his hand. The messenger wore the livery of the Count D——.

Luisa, plunging into the dark stone passage, held the violets to her lips. She knew exactly from what garden, and from what nook of the garden, they had been plucked. She knew the exact shape, ay, to the rounded tips of the tapering fingers, of the hand that had plucked them.

But there was work to do, as well as dreaming. She was fulfilling an order given by a liberal Englishman for a copy of Guido's "Aurora"—a picture that can not be copied. She was familiar with its *technique;* she knew by heart where to load the lights, and where to glaze the shadows in finishing. But to-day even for this her skill was inadequate. She said, "I will finish it to-morrow."

Then she took from its hiding-place and placed upon her easel an unfinished portrait.

Luisa dipped her brushes in their separate colors, and began to paint. Hardly had she essayed her touches when the original of the portrait entered. An hour before his time her model confronted her, the Count D——.

With a graceful salutation he had approached and kissed her hand.

And now upon the dais beyond the easel he took his studied position. But he declined from the fixed posture without ceremony. He described a breakfast he had given for some young people, foreigners of beauty and distinction. He pictured the style, the manner, of his guests with shadowy but expressive pantomime, with languid but efficient satire. He ended with a passionate sigh.

"Luisa," he said, "all these people tire me. The amusement they afford does not extend through the brief time of their presence. Before their departure announces my deliverance, I am wearied to the soul. How different is the time I spend with you! Then I wish to lengthen every minute to an hour, every hour to a day. How is this, my little Luisa? You use no art to please, you extend to me not half the warmth I crave, and yet you enchain me as no other woman can or may. Life is worthless to me without you, Luisa *carissima*."

He was sitting for his portrait no longer. Those bewitching refinements of his face that the young artist had been striving to catch "upon the wing" settled into one concentrative energy past the skill of any sensitive woman to portray, certainly past the skill of this girl.

It was evening when Luisa and her lover, hand in hand, came down from the eyried studio into the shadowed thoroughfare.

Two American gentlemen were sauntering through the picture-gallery of the Barberini Palace.

They had entered the third gallery when one of them recognized in the distance a group of friends. "Excuse me, Mark," he said to his companion. "There are the R——s, to whom I owe an apology for a *contretemps* of yesterday. I will rejoin you immediately."

They parted, and Mark Hallett, with many a survey of critical scrutiny, tending to prove that if he had not been born a man of leisure he would have been born an artist, wandered slowly through the gallery.

He paused before the portrait of the daughter of Raphael Mengs. A Roman girl was copying the picture; and the quick perception of expressive beauty which had more than once pronounced the face of the canvas lovely, decided that the young copyist was lovelier still.

He had gazed so intently that the hand with the brush grew unsteady, a blush mantled upon the brown cheek. The young artist had become aware of a fixed stare. These signs of vitality did not lessen Mark's interest in the object of his study. With a genuine emotion of attraction he approached the artist, and begged to be allowed to examine her work.

A manner frank as it was indescribably gentle accompanied the girl's action as she submitted her copy to inspection.

Mark Hallett discovered—not unwillingly, to be sure—peculiar merits. "With your forcible handling," he said, "your clear and delicate touch, you should be a successful artist."

"I have several orders for copies," the girl answered, modestly.

"And have you attempted no originals?"

"Not yet, or only for my own amusement. That would delight me much; it is my art dream."

"If you will allow me," said Hallett, "to bring an American lady to your studio, I feel sure you would receive from her an order for an original."

At this moment he caught sight of his returning friend swooping across the gallery with the R——s in full sail. He seized hastily, but with unmistakable cordiality, the card of address which the Roman girl put into his hand. "In Rome," she said, "all the studios are open; I shall be pleased to receive your American friend."

Mark Hallett sought that evening his hitherto rather neglected country-woman, Mrs. Lea—a liberal spendthrift upon objects of art, and happily, as in this case more to the point, exceedingly tractable to artistic suggestions. Together on the morrow they visited Luisa's studio. "The last time for me," gasped the panting *Américaine*, whose goodly avoirdupois cherished mortal enmity to what its possessor termed "the stairy flights of the city of the soul."

Not the last time for Mark Hallett. He indulged himself in a constant succession of visits. He superintended with immense activity the fulfilling of the generous orders of Mrs. Lea.

To him the pensive Roman girl, with her sudden sallies of dainty genius, her enthusiasms for art, her quick, sunny assents of thoughtful comprehension, her electric and subtle sympathy, became a dearly valued friend.

But such a friendship could not exist, of course, without some intimate conversations; and Hallett on one occasion ventured so near the one dangerous subject, which it is the art of friendship to avoid, as to ask Luisa of her lovers.

She paused suddenly in her work, while her whole expression changed from gay to earnest. The rosy color flashed to her cheeks; the long, beautiful eyelashes were tremulously downcast.

"Are you my friend?" she asked.

"So truly, so devoutly your friend," answered Hallett, "that I feel sure I shall remain so to the very end of my life. Test my friendship, Luisa, whenever you choose; you will not find it weak. And when I go away, I shall not be any less warmly your friend that the ocean rolls between us."

"Do you know," said Luisa, "it is very strange, for you have made a rash promise, but I *believe* you." She gave him one direct glance in saying these words that revealed to him her woman's power of riveting attraction. Her eyelashes dropped again tremulously. "I have a profound reverence for friendship," she said. "Very well, then. To a friend I jest no more. You have asked me a question, and I answer in faith to you, *I have a lover.*" She arose from her place at the easel, and stood before him for a second perfectly radiant. "Mr. Hallett, I am not a laborious little artist; I am a proud, happy girl."

But after this confession there came a change over Luisa. Mark Hallett could not, in reviewing those days, determine how soon after their conversation the change appeared, neither could he define exactly its quality. But a shadow, a growing sadness in her manner, became noticeable. He felt perceptibly a daily flagging in the stimulative property of that mental atmosphere of the studio, which to him had been as a healing balm.

One day, on his way to visit Luisa, he bought from a flower girl two bunches of those rich blue-purple Italian violets that have an odor sweeter than any other violets in the world. He bought them carelessly and bestowed them carelessly; for, on entering the studio, he gave one to Luisa's "model," who chanced at that minute to be emerging from the screened space where she had costumed herself to pose for Mrs. Lea's "original." He gave it meaninglessly, with a salutation of the day. The other he presented, with a much more exalted tone of expression and manner, to Luisa. She refused her acceptance.

"They are not welcome to me," she said, without explanation.

But later, in a pause of conversation, she asked—and her voice, low-toned, caught that acute clearness which accompanies a theme earnestly exciting—"Did you know, Mr. Hallett, that violets express *absolute homage?* They are the flowers a man flings unconditionally under the feet of his beloved."

A somewhat embarrassing remark, made, as it was, in presence of the model, who could not so far remain a mere mechanism as to avoid casting a coquettish glance toward "the princely American," who encountered the look with well-veiled consternation. He had offended Luisa! He knew not why; for he gave her on the instant the justice to believe she was actuated by no demeaning jealousy.

He had offended his dear little friend. He snatched up the violets—those innocent, soft-scented, velvet-lipped babies of the sunbeam—he snatched them from the table, where he had lain them down, and flung them out of the window.

Luisa neither frowned nor smiled.

The next day, when at the hour—his hour—Mark Hallett visited the studio, he found it barred; the next day barred; and the next.

The time came when he must leave Rome. He was wandering listlessly through the streets: who knew, since in gallery and in studio he had failed to find a glimpse of her, but he might unaware come upon Luisa?

Wearied at noon, he entered a little church on the Via Quirinalis. A stranger there, he sought but a moment's lingering. But he did not pause to admire the columned oval; and the wreath of milk-white cherubs about the dome was unscanned; nor did he explore the chapels. As for that wondrous ruby in the Stanislaus Chapel—well, he beheld something that eclipsed its deep-veined mystery of the blood-tint in a glimpse that came to him there and then of

"That little red battle-field, the human heart."

There at his right hand, as he entered, one chance vision arrested him. In the first chapel, under the divinely lighted Madonna—"The Nativity" of Correggio, knelt a solitary female figure.

Mark Hallett recognized the fine familiar curves of the petite but *séduisante* image. Yet he made not one step nearer to approach. For a word had reached his ear—a confession far beyond that made to friendship—a revelation of the soul, framed by the intensity of grief into an appealing complaint and cry, to reach the pity of the Holy Mother.

Never since world began have mortal eyes looked upon a naked heart. Nature would rather slay than unveil that palpitating miracle. Mark Hallett, with all his manly and true friendship for Luisa, and his overpowering longing, born on the instant, to succor, to help, that girl whose soul

he knew to be so pure and noble, withdrew himself silently, as with the stealthiness of guilt. He had already heard a word she would not in her utmost trust have said to him. He could not bear more unblamed.

When next he saw her a week had passed, and the studio still remained closed. He lingered unaccountably in Rome. On the very day when, as his chafing vetturino at noon reminded him, he should have been far along the Flaminian Road on his way to Florence, he was going to the Meet with Mrs. Lea.

On the way thither a cavalcade passed which attracted every eye. A murmur of admiration arose from the crowd, and questions, "Who is she?" "Who is the beautiful blonde?" were heard on every side. Others answered, "It is the new bride, the lovely Countess D——."

Almost at the same moment attention was attracted to the footway. A woman had fallen prone upon the pavement almost beneath the riders' feet. The cavalcade confusedly halted. The Count D—— himself alighted. He seemed to give some order to the excited throng, who had quickly turned their attention from the gay vision to the calamity. He wrote a few words on a card, and gave it to one who appeared to recognize the woman, and to have assumed some directing control.

Mark Hallett caught Mrs. Lea's hand with a faith in her sympathy that was not lost upon the good-natured dame. "You will forgive me if I leave you to L——'s escort. I think I can be of service. That unfortunate is known to me."

He followed to her home the unconscious Luisa. The delicacy of his friendship had forbidden him heretofore to penetrate deeply her relations; he had been content with the studio, "open to all;" and now for the first time he entered her dismal dwelling-place. Its aspect indicated more depressing circumstances than he had imagined. Luisa, with all her talent and industry, was poor. Indeed, when did ever the unassisted feminine hand make a fortune? It requires the masculine energy, the man's capability for husbandry, to do that.

Never in his life did Mark Hallett in a single detail lose the impression of the night that followed that entrance into Luisa's home. He sent immediately for a skillful physician, who was, moreover, his esteemed personal friend. Together, with no other auditor than the sobbing mother who knelt at the bedside uttering broken prayers, these two men were forced to listen, from her own fever-stricken lips, to the story of Luisa. And this was the brief history they gathered:

It was not altogether strange that the Count D—— had loved the obscure artist, and asked her to become his wife. Kings, you know, have wedded beggar maids, and Luisa was well-born. Her father had been a lawyer of distinction, who, banished from Rome in the troubled times of 1849, suffered the confiscation of his property, and died in exile of a broken heart. Luisa, without a suspicion of guile, accepted all that the future promised for her with wondering confidence, but with no shadow of distrust. She adored her prince; and just when every thing had assumed the clearness of certainty, and she was about to confide to her mother the fixed fact of her great happiness, her exalting love, and her approaching nuptial day, silence, absence, desertion, fell upon her. The rumor reached her of the marriage of her lover. To-day she had seen his bride.

While still Luisa's life trembled in the balance, Mark Hallett left Rome, but he confided her welfare into the care of his two best-trusted friends. Three months afterward there reached him across the Atlantic a letter of impassioned gratitude. One passage may be quoted:

"I hesitate to say to you, my dear friend, and yet I wish you to know what, even told, you can not fully know—the one bitterest misery your friendship saved me. A person to whom I was in no wise indebted made known to my mother in time of my illness that a sum was to my use allowed. My mother, indeed, had availed herself of what she supposed to be kindness, unknown to me. When the fact reached me, I was enabled, by the miracle of your goodness, to cancel it at once. The acceptance would have *killed* me. I would far rather die than to receive as a benefactor a man I could not esteem."

So Luisa had been brought to speak of the Count D——, once her adored prince. She mentioned "the person," secure in its *inconnu*, for she never knew how her delirium had betrayed the personality. The letter concluded:

"Do not be troubled for me; for, indeed, believe me, I am at last, by much suffering, taught to be penitently and wholly resigned to the will of Heaven that my life should be fatally and irrecoverably *isolée*. For you, my friend, I wish the happiness that I am convinced awaits you in your noble land. LUISA.

"P.S.—The excellent physician you chose for me has proved most punctual and beneficial. L."

Isolée! In his own glad land, surrounded by admiring friends, re-instated into the complete happiness which had for a time seemed lost to him, this word, through all his pleasure, haunted the chivalric heart of Mark Hallett. He carried about with him every where a sympathy with a life flung by adverse circumstance into an alien sphere. The compassion born of this sympathy made him self-forgetful, quick to recognize sorrow. He was known even by strangers as a benefactor of his kind. He was one of those whose influential being proves

"No one is so oppressed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

When events shaped themselves so that he could again visit Rome, the first thought connected with that wondrous city was the thought of his little friend Luisa.

On the very day that he embarked from the western shores of the Atlantic a vessel arrived there, bearing dispatches that would have prevented his Roman visit from being in one respect a surprise.

As it was, he sought at his very first leisure the home of Luisa—to find it deserted. Then he hastened to the house of his trusted friend, who had within a month removed to Florence. Lastly, he sought his good doctor, and from him he had news of Luisa.

The doctor received him with all the delighted cordiality of an old friend, and claimed at once a congratulation upon late but valued happiness that had overtaken him. "Is it possible," he exclaimed to Hallett, who evinced only surprise, "that you have not heard of our marriage?"

Then the doctor overwhelmed his visitor with a recapitulation which, so far as it was intelligible to Hallett, appeared to be the history of an extraordinarily prolonged honey-moon.

"Counting myself the happiest of men," said the doctor, "I still have a rival. What is worse, a rival against whom I am powerless."

He conducted Hallett through many apartments of his spacious house into a charming retreat, that, opening upon a garden, combined in itself the pleasurable attributes of studio, conservatory, boudoir.

There upon an easel, amidst graceful heaps of the most beautiful fresh-cut flowers, each day renewed, stood a portrait, painted by Luisa's hand, of her American friend.

Mark Hallett could not but smile with pleasure and pride as he recognized in the enshrined likeness his own image. His artistic little protégée had not been ungrateful. She had made his face more beautiful than any mirror into which he had ever looked.

"My rival," said the doctor, introducing Hallett to this portrait.

"My rival," said Luisa's husband—her lover, who actually had at this moment his arm around his wife's waist.

Luisa looked up into Hallett's eyes with a kindling smile.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE entire business of Chinese immigration to our shores is conducted by corporations known as the Six Companies, which transport the Mongolians across the Pacific and assume the care of them, exercising almost absolute authority, until such time as they obtain their freedom through the fulfillment of the contract under which they sailed. The workings of these organizations are somewhat mysterious, and, excepting the fact that they claim to exercise a sort of supervision over the emigrant, and afford aid and protection in time of need, it is difficult to obtain any information about them. They have their agencies in Hong-Kong, and through the Pacific Mail Steamship Company the coolies are shipped for America. Our double-page engraving represents a company of the Celestials on board the vessel *Alaska*, bound for San Francisco.

The price of steerage passage from Hong-Kong to San Francisco is $50 50. This includes subsistence from port to port. The middle deck forward and amidships is fitted up with a framework, upon which comfortable stretchers are placed, each one provided with a canvas bottom. These are all single bunks. The emigrant, as a general thing, furnishes his own bedding or blankets, although when such things are wanting they are furnished by the ship. The food supplied consists of bountiful rations of soup, meat, and vegetables. Tea is regularly given out, and the water supply is, of course, abundant. The food is served in large earthen bowls, and, as every Chinaman carries his "chop-sticks," neither forks, knives, nor spoons are necessary. The emigrants are in charge of an agent of one of the companies, whose business it is to look after them during the voyage and deliver them safely at their destination. Whatever may be the truth in regard to these corporations, there is either good in them, or else they are so terribly enslaving that remonstrance and protest are of no avail, for the parties most interested do not rebel or murmur against their arrangements. Through the companies both living and dead Chinamen are returned to the Flowery Land, and all contracts for labor are effected.

In spite of the murmurs that have arisen concerning the presence of John Chinaman in our land, much can be said in his favor. In the first place, he is an eminently economical institution. His habits, his tastes, his pleasures, even his vices, are cheap. His frugality is worn into his very bones. He is the representative in the human kingdom of the horse that learned to live upon a straw a day. Naturally, among a certain portion of the population, this virtue is his great crime, and undoubtedly "Chinese cheap labor," rather than Chinese bad morals, is at the foundation of the hue and cry that has arisen against the melancholy wearers of the pigtail.

As merchants the Mongolians are not successful. They lack the reckless spirit of venture through which the Caucasian produces such fabulous results. The reputation that clings to them for shrewdness and sagacity in business is fallacious. The whole secret of their success in laying up money lies in the fact that they are the stingiest and most parsimonious race on earth. It would seem as if they were but a few removes from the chameleon, for they can almost subsist upon air, and even manage to thrive upon a small and impure allowance of that. As mechanics the Chinese are utterly without invention or originality, but remarkably skillful as imitators and copyists. The absence of intelligence shown in their work is illustrated by the following story. The captain of a vessel bound for Hong-Kong had in his cabin a fine painting, the beauty of which was marred by a gash cut across the face of the principal figure, the result of an accident. Familiar with the ingenuity shown by the Celestials in reproducing any object before them, he sent the picture ashore with an order that it should be copied. In due time the paintings arrived, each a faultless duplicate of the other, the cut not less apparent in the copy than in the original. The artist had spent hours in the careful elaboration of the blemish that disfigured the first picture.

As carpenters, manufacturers of furniture, and workers in all kinds of wood, the Chinese in San Francisco have crowded out an army of white laborers, who would otherwise be employed at high wages. With all the uses of the sewing-machine they have become familiar, and will work at them sometimes for twelve and fourteen hours in succession. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, a trade of which they knew nothing upon landing, they have made such progress that the whites are unable to compete with them, and at present these necessary articles are sold at a lower price in San Francisco than in any other city on the continent. If there is any branch of mechanical industry in especial demand, the Chinaman is sure to be found at work upon it, and, like the mythical laborers in some parts of Europe, who were once described as able to "work for nothing and live upon less," he soon drives the white man, with his expensive wants, off the course. In all departments of servile labor—as house servants, cooks, scullions, gardeners, and porters—the Mongolian slowly but firmly pushes the Caucasian out of his path, and leaves thousands of the latter race unemployed and suffering for the actual necessaries of life.

But as a laundry-man is the "heathen Chinee" peculiarly successful. Although personal cleanliness is not by any means his distinguishing characteristic, he delights to perform miracles in the way of purifying the soiled linen of other people. More Chinamen are employed in San Francisco in laundry-work than in any other kind of labor. In all parts of the city their wash-houses are to be found, every block containing from four to six establishments of the kind. Nearly all the hotels and many public institutions employ them, and the washing of nine-tenths of all the families in the city is performed by them. A system prevails among these Mongolian washer-men whereby the item of shop rent is reduced to the most economical figure. Two firms occupy the same premises and use the same tubs and materials. One works during the daytime, and at dark surrenders the place to the other, who occupies it until morning. By this system there is a great saving in the way of water and fuel. All work is done by hand, the average Chinaman not caring to meddle with the mysteries of machinery.

As citizens the Chinese are quiet and inoffensive, doing their work conscientiously, and retiring peacefully at night to their own quarter. They are frequently the objects of bitter persecution on the part of the whites, and have even been prevented from attending the mission schools provided for them, fearing to be attacked if seen in the streets after dark.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY, 1876.

Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Tuesday, 23.—Baptist Anniversaries, Buffalo.
Wednesday, 24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

JUNE.

Sunday, 4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 29.—St. Peter.

THE negotiations going on between the Vatican and the Spanish government in relation to Article XI. of the Spanish Constitution show an irreconcilable divergence of opinion. The article in question reads thus: "That the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the state, and shall be exclusively maintained by the state; that within the limits of Christian morality freedom of religious *cultus* shall be lawful, but no public manifestations other than those of the Church." The Pope has recently written a letter to the Cardinal of Toledo, in which he says that Article XI. of the Constitution of Spain "violates every right of truth and of the Catholic religion, annuls illegally the Concordat between the Holy See and the Spanish nation, and opens a door to error." So far, the government of Spain stands firmly by the national Constitution.

Several large Sunday-school conventions are announced for this summer. One at Ocean Grove (July 22-30) will be "national," and will have for its speakers and essayists Drs. ORMISTON, DURYEA, S. H. TYNG, Jun., DEEMS, HENSON, FULLER of Baltimore, DICKINSON of Richmond, Bishop SIMPSON, and other divines of note. One of its features will be a bazar, which will contain specimens of the best Sunday-school appliances. Another is announced to be held at Sea Grove, on Delaware Bay, from June 25 to July 2. There will also be still another, at "Thousand Islands," in the St. Lawrence River, July 19-26.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the times, the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church has advanced in its receipts on the year 1875. The receipts for the year ending May 1, 1875, were $456,718; for the year ending May 1, 1876, $500,086. The total expenses for the last year, including the debt, were $553,866.

The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, will be the next "Lyman Beecher" lecturer on preaching at the Yale Divinity School.

The later accounts of the dedication of the New American Church (Protestant Episcopal) in Rome confirm the first intelligence of the interest excited by that event. In the week following the consecration by Bishop LITTLEJOHN, of the diocese of Long Island, morning sermons were delivered by the Bishops of Peterborough, Gibraltar, Niobrara; Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, Lord PLUNKETT, and the Rev. STOPFORD BROOKE. The church will seat 800 persons, and is a fine specimen of the English-Gothic style of architecture. The tower will contain a chime of twenty-three bells, the first known to Rome.

The American Bible Society will distribute gratuitously on the grounds of the Centennial Exposition a little book containing one verse of the Bible in each one of the languages in which it has printed the Christian Scriptures. Specimen copies of the Society's issues in all styles and languages will be exhibited in the book department of the Exposition.

The Gray Nuns have come again unpleasantly before the public—this time in the city of Montreal. It has been discovered that in the Foundling Hospital, which they maintain there, there is an extraordinary mortality of infant children. Out of 719 admitted in 1875, only eighty-eight survived. The facts have come under the notice of the city authorities. The nuns are not so much charged with neglect as with undertaking a work too great for their resources. Aside, however, from all apologies, the facts are frightful.

The vote of the Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church on synodical representation stands, at the latest accounts, 22 in favor to 69 against.

Among the laborious charities maintained in this city is the care of the St. Barnabas House by the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd (Protestant Episcopal). The Sisterhood numbers three sisters, one assistant, three visitors, and twenty-four associates. As many as 1602 women have been cared for in the House during the year ending April 1, 1876; 21,812 lodgings and 133,590 meals were also given. One of the features of the House is a day nursery for children, where they can be cared for during their mothers' working hours. There is also a "Fresh Air" fund, which is used in furnishing the children excursions to the country during the hot summer weather.

No recent lectures on preaching have given so much satisfaction as those of the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle. They were originally delivered before the Yale Divinity School, and were repeated during the month of April before the students of Oberlin College, Ohio. Here Dr. TAYLOR had an audience of 800 persons. The churches in which Dr. TAYLOR preached while there "were crowded to their utmost capacity."

The *Congregational Quarterly* for April publishes a valuable statistical exhibit of the condition of the Congregational theological seminaries in the United States. The seminaries are seven—Andover, Bangor, Chicago, Hartford, New Haven, Oakland, Oberlin. The professors number 36; lecturers, 22; students, 303. Of the whole number of students but 81 are without college education. The libraries of these schools are small. Andover has 30,000 volumes; Bangor, 15,000; Chicago, 5500; Hartford, 7000; Oakland, 2000; the other schools depend on the college libraries.

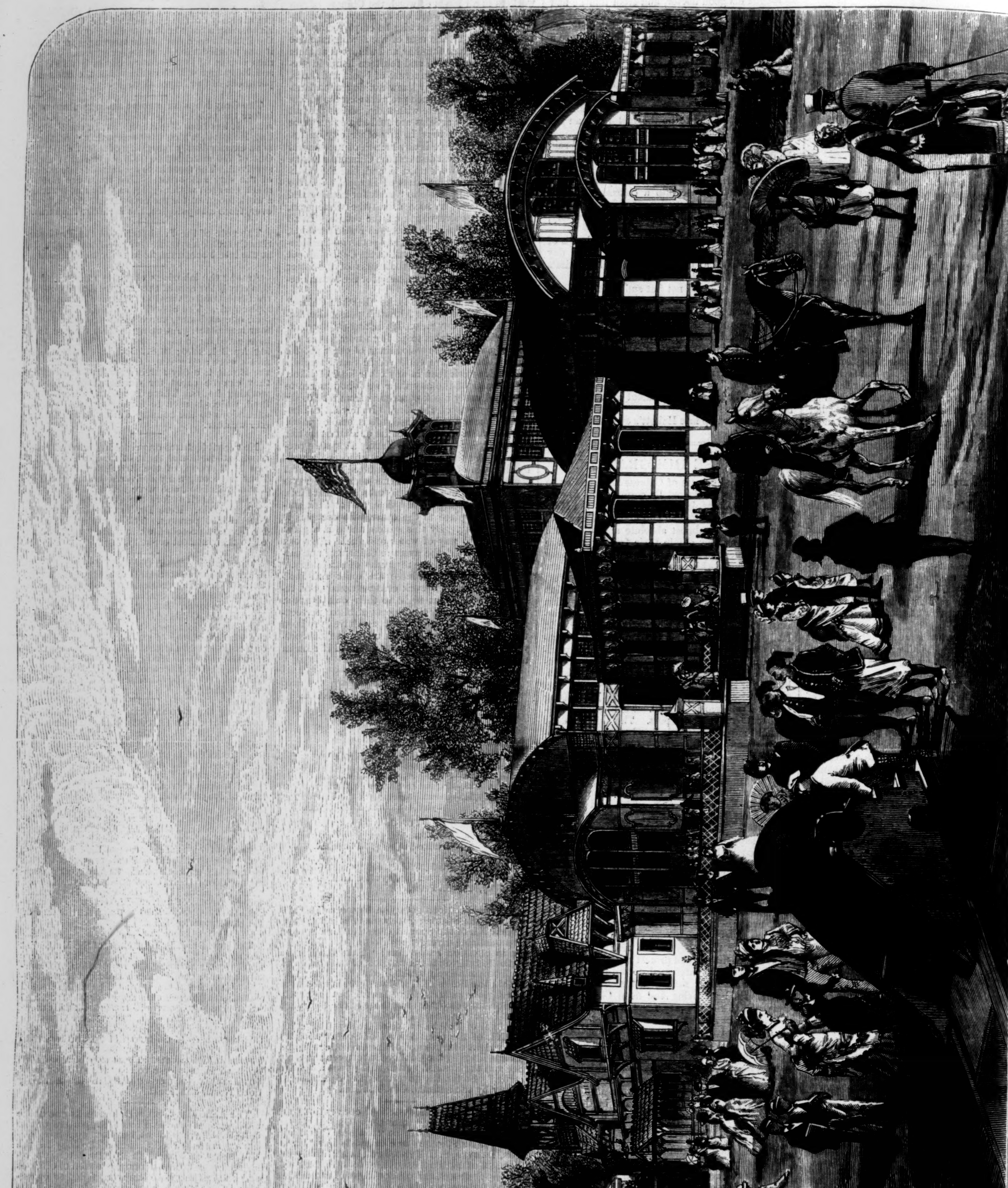
Among the pleasant gatherings at the Commencement of the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, is the Pastors' Theological Union. It will be held this year June 14. An open invitation is given to all ministers to attend. Among the topics on which essays are announced are, "The Health of the Minister," "The Influence of the Parsonage," "The Doctrine of Prayer," etc., etc.

"The Baptists," says a recent critic, "pull together wonderfully." They are certainly doing so this Centennial year. Besides the many courses of historical sermons East and West, and their great educational movement with which they give emphasis to this year's commemoration, their Centennial Convention of "Social Unions" (May 30 to June 1) promises to be an event of universal interest. The questions to be discussed at the Convention are of the most practical kind.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. M'FERRIN, of the Methodist Church South, has written and published a very hearty letter favoring the restoration of fraternity between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches. He says: "The men selected as Fraternal Messengers are good and true, and will be ready to convey in the most kindly manner the salutations—yea, the genuine Christian salutations—of the Southern Church. Less than this these men of God can not do, and less than this will not give satisfaction to the mass of Southern Methodists. There may be a few men on both sides whose voices 'are still for war,' but I think they are greatly in the minority both North and South."

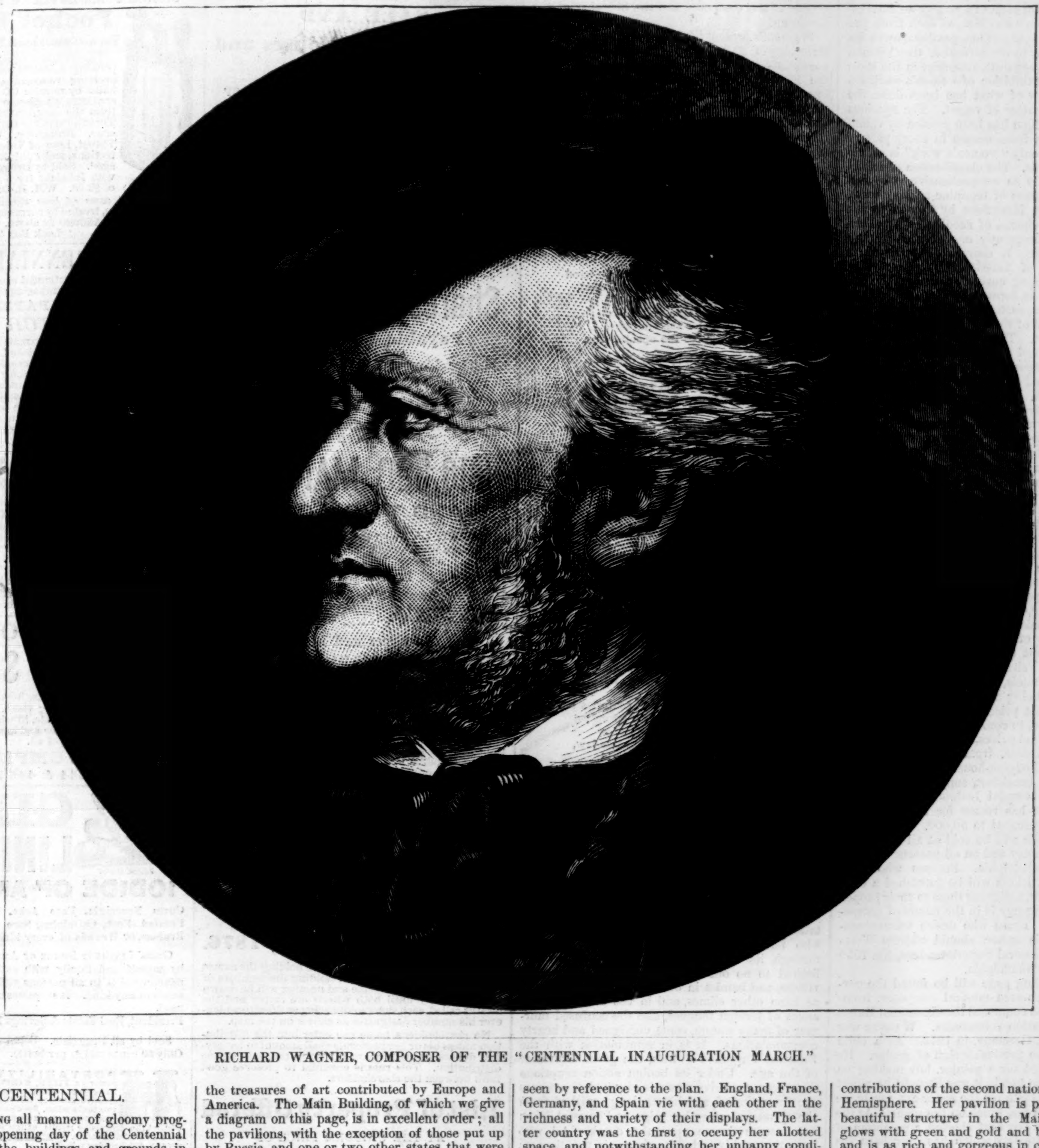
The Abbé MICHAUD, well known as one of the most earnest of the French supporters of the Old Catholic movement, has been appointed Ordinary Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Berne. In 1872 Dr. MICHAUD resigned his position as honorary canon of Chalons and abbé of the Madeleine, but failed to organize an Old Catholic congregation in Paris. His associates in the University School of Theology are HERZOG, HIRSCHWÄLDER, and WOKER. There are, however, as yet only eleven Old Catholic theological students at Berne.

The Commencements of the theological seminaries of our country attract every year increased public attention. That at Princeton (April 19-25) was the sixty-fourth, and was a memorable occasion. Dr. HODGE paid a beautiful tribute, at the alumni meeting, to the memory of his classmate the late Bishop JOHNS, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Virginia. Bishop JOHNS was originally a Presbyterian, and was expected, at one time, to fill a professor's chair in the Princeton Seminary. A missionary paper read showed that out of the 2000 alumni of the seminary 176 had gone to foreign missions—about one in every eighteen. The record of the educational influence of Princeton Seminary showed that sixty-four college presidents, or one for every year of its history, had been elected from its graduates. Dr. CUYLER said that he was thankful that he was sailing in a stanch ship, and that he and his brethren were not left each "to paddle about on his own particular saw-log"—which was severe, in a good-natured way, on his Congregational friends.



Southern Restaurant. The New Jersey Building.

THE CENTENNIAL—THE WOMEN'S PAVILION.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See next Page.]

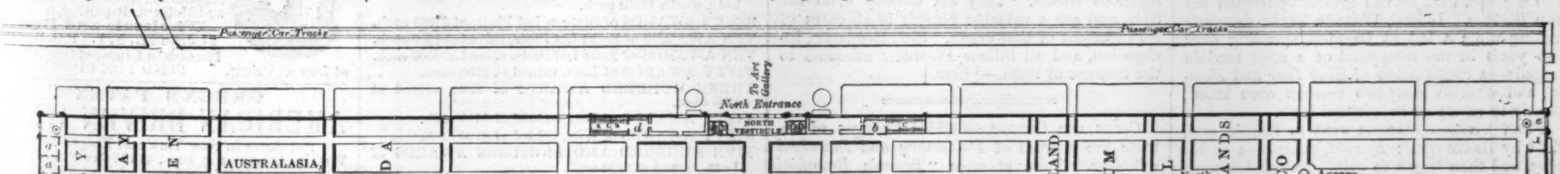


RICHARD WAGNER, COMPOSER OF THE "CENTENNIAL INAUGURATION MARCH."

THE CENTENNIAL.

Notwithstanding all manner of gloomy prognostications, the opening day of the Centennial Exhibition finds the buildings and grounds in better order than was ever observed at previous World Exhibitions. The amount of work done during the two weeks preceding the 10th of May was prodigious. Order sprung, as by magic, out of chaos. In Memorial Hall, which up to that time showed a seemingly inextricable confusion of packing-cases and picture-frames, where busy carpenters, masons, and painters were still at work, now shows upon its spacious wainscoted walls the treasures of art contributed by Europe and America. The Main Building, of which we give a diagram on this page, is in excellent order; all the pavilions, with the exception of those put up by Russia, and one or two other states that were dilatory in making appropriations for the Exhibition, are complete in all their arrangements; and the *coup d'œil* is magnificent. The area of this building, twenty-one and a half acres, is alone greater than that of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, London, which had but twenty acres under cover, and no auxiliary buildings. A little more than one-fourth of this area is allotted to the United States, as will be seen by reference to the plan. England, France, Germany, and Spain vie with each other in the richness and variety of their displays. The latter country was the first to occupy her allotted space, and notwithstanding her unhappy condition during the last seven years, torn by civil dissensions and involved in a costly war with her most important colony, she makes a display which will excite the wonder and admiration of all who pause before her beautiful pavilion. The comparatively small space allotted to the vast empire of Brazil has been decorated and arranged at great expense, with the view of making a gorgeous and striking exhibition of the contributions of the second nation in the Western Hemisphere. Her pavilion is perhaps the most beautiful structure in the Main Building. It glows with green and gold and blue and scarlet, and is as rich and gorgeous in color as the flowers that deck the Amazonian plains. Egypt, too, is well represented, and with China and Japan will attract attention from those who are interested in the productions of these ancient countries.

Machinery Hall, Agricultural Hall, the Government Building, Horticultural Hall, and the Women's Pavilion are no less attractive than the Main Building. Days may be spent in each with-



THE CENTENNIAL—GROUND PLAN OF THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

out exhausting all they have to offer to the curious sight-seer. On page 412 we give an exterior view of the Women's Pavilion, as seen from the Government Building. This pavilion owes its existence primarily to the refusal of the Commissioners to grant a separate allotment in the Main Building for the exhibition of women's work exclusively. In view of what has been done, the refusal is not a matter of regret. The spacious and beautiful pavilion has been erected by voluntary subscriptions from women in every part of the country, and only "women's work" is exhibited within its walls. The classification of exhibits has been made so comprehensive as to embrace all departments of feminine achievements, from the greatest inventions by woman to the most delicate specimens of needle-work, and the exhibition is consequently one of peculiar and absorbing interest. It comprises contributions from every part of America and from foreign lands. The building covers an area of 30,000 square feet, and is formed by two naves intersecting each other, each 64 feet wide by 192 feet long. At the end of these there is a porch eight by thirty-two feet. The corners formed by the two naves are filled out by four pavilions, each forty-eight feet square, and the whole structure is in modern wood architecture, roofed over by segmental trusses. The centre of the structure is raised twenty-five feet higher than the rest of the building, surmounted by a lantern, with a cupola on the top of the same ninety feet high. What gives the building a unique appearance is that there are in the whole interior only four supporting columns, the rest being trussed over from the outside walls. The cost of the building was $30,000.

As already stated in the preceding number of the *Weekly*, ample accommodations for strangers have been provided in Philadelphia and immediately about the Exhibition grounds. The city hotels can entertain about 15,000 guests above the present occupancy; the Centennial Lodging-house Agency, 20,000; accommodations by relatives and friends, 40,000; boarding-houses, 13,000; Patrons of Husbandry (for Grangers), 5000; Camp Scott (for military organizations), 5000; camp in Fairmount Park (for military), 5000; suburban hotels, 20,000. There is no doubt of Philadelphia being able to entertain, if necessary, at reasonable prices, 150,000 persons, and, if further pressed, to comfortably lodge and care for 200,000. Hotel prices, from $5 to $1 50 per day; boarding-houses, from $1 to $2 50 per day; Centennial Lodging-house Agency—lodging, $1 25 per day; breakfast, supper, and lodging, $2 50. The Centennial Lodging-house Agency mentioned above has rooms for 20,000 guests, which can be increased to 50,000. Tickets for lodging and meals will be sold at all important points in the country and on all passenger trains approaching Philadelphia. Persons who have purchased such tickets will be furnished a card by the train agent, assigning them to their proper quarters. The agency is in the hands of competent managers. Those who desire accommodation through this agency should address William Hamilton, General Superintendent, No. 1010 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

On the preceding page will be found the portrait of the celebrated musical composer, Richard Wagner, who composed the Centennial March for the inauguration ceremonies. Wagner was born at Leipsic, Germany, in 1813. As a child he manifested no particular sign of genius. He was first intended for a painter, but making no progress with the brush, it was thought he might possibly have a taste for the sister art, music, he having learned a few tunes on the piano. At the age of nine the boy first showed a symptom of that queer contrariety which has ever been his chief characteristic. He drove his tutor to despair by the obstinacy of his fingers in the "rudiments," while he might be caught picking out the overture of *Der Freischütz* by ear when alone. His studies were not confined solely to music, and he was reckoned in the Dresden University particularly apt at the classics, ancient history, and heathen mythology. To this affection for ancient lore much of his "theory" is doubtless due, as also the fact that he has invariably written his own *librettos*. Indeed, Wagner began dramatic writing while a lad at Dresden, spending over two years in the compound of a most terrible tragedy—a combination of *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, and wherein forty-two persons were killed, mostly to re-appear in spiritual form.

From Dresden Wagner went to Leipsic, and, fired by Beethoven's *Egmont*, put music to his play, and then began to write orchestral compositions. Having had his first essay in public—an overture at the Leipsic theatre—well laughed at by the audience, he began to feel the necessity for a regular musical education, and accordingly placed himself under Theodor Weinlig, and studied hard the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. In 1833 Wagner composed his first opera, *Die Feen*, and two years subsequently produced the *Novice of Palermo*, which at once caught the public taste. The following year he became director of the Magdeburg Theatre, where, in 1836, he brought out *Das Liebesverbot*, a musical transcription of *Measure for Measure*—an unquestionable failure. In 1837 he went to Paris with the first two acts of his five-act tragic opera *Rienzi*, but notwithstanding letters of introduction from Meyerbeer, failed to get it accepted.

In 1842 *Rienzi* was played at Dresden, where it at once proved an immense success, and Wagner at last found himself famous, partially popular, conductor of the Dresden Opera-house, and the King of Saxony's Capellmeister. The *Flying Dutchman* followed, and subsequently *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and a host of less celebrated compositions. In 1866, youthful King Ludwig of Bavaria, struck with the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, called Wagner to Munich, and has ever since remained his warmest patron, admirer, and friend—the opera at Munich being noted for the splendor of its "appointments," thanks to the genius of the composer and the liberality of the sovereign.

Wagner's present home is in Bayreuth, a quiet little city of 20,000 inhabitants, situated in the northeastern corner of Bavaria, at the foot of the Fichtelgebirge. Here the great composer has erected his famous Nibelungen Theatre, so named because it was expressly designed for the worthy representation of his latest musical drama, for which he looked in vain to any of the existing theatres.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

The following beautiful hymn, written by Whittier for the occasion, was sung at the opening of the Exhibition:

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

A TOAST.

Two Important Discoveries! The discovery of America by Columbus, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; the one opening up to mankind a new continent, the other a fountain of health, which is indispensable to the full enjoyment of life and its blessings. In response to the above sentiment come the unsolicited attestations of tens of thousands of grateful patients, who have been relieved of chronic ailments through its instrumentality. Those voices are limited to no one locality, but from every city, village, and hamlet in our broad domain, as well as from other climes, and in the strange utterances of foreign tongues, like the confused murmur of many waters, come unfeigned and hearty commendations. It is, in combination with the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the great depurator of the age. Under its benign action eruptions disappear, excessive waste is checked, the nerves are strengthened, and health, long banished from the system, resumes her reign and re-establishes her roseate throne upon the cheek. All who have thoroughly tested its virtues in the diseases for which it is recommended unite in pronouncing it the great Medical Discovery of the age.—[*Com.*]

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

These Pills are composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, and, although they entirely supersede the use of Mercury, do not leave any of its injurious effects. They act directly upon the liver, and are a valuable remedy in all cases of derangement of that organ. Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all Bilious Disorders succumb to the free use of them.—[*Com.*]

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden Changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.—[*Com.*]

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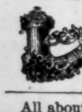
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**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Separated only by the railroad track from Hon. A. T. Stewart's Garden City, which is beyond doubt the
Greatest Real Estate Enterprise Known.
Shares, $100 Each,
Payable $8 Monthly,
Subject to a Discount of FIVE PER CENT., if CASH in Full is Paid at TIME of PURCHASING.
Each Shareholder will have One Lot,
WHILE THE MOST FORTUNATE ONE WILL RECEIVE A
$10,000 MANSION
AND TWO ACRES
Of the BEST LAND on the MAIN STREET, and but two blocks from the Railroad Station

Every Lot is Healthy and Desirable,
The only differences in their values being their nearness to the depot on this property and the choice of streets where located.

Sale of Shares and Distribution.
By the laws of New York it is legal to distribute by drawing among the purchasers of shares in real estate the property comprised in the undertaking, and we have set aside the lots hereinafter mentioned for such purpose.
EACH PURCHASER OF A SHARE, upon the payment of the first installment, will receive a certificate entitling him or her to one of the lots or plots mentioned in the annexed list upon the full payment of the One Hundred Dollars, either in weekly or monthly installments, or cash down, as the purchaser may elect, the location of each purchaser's property to be determined by a
Drawing at Third Avenue Theatre,
WHICH BUILDING WILL COMFORTABLY SEAT
1700,
In Presence of the Shareholders,
TO WHICH ONLY THOSE SHOWING CERTIFICATES WILL BE ADMITTED ON
Monday, October 30, 1876.
Two wheels will be provided—one holding the names of shareholders and the other holding the numbers of the plots and lots. A name and number will be drawn simultaneously until both wheels are empty and the awards called, each shareholder being entitled to whichever his number designates as shown on the map.
No shareholder's name can enter into the distribution unless his or her payments shall amount to twenty-five dollars on each share taken by the date of the distribution. This rule is essential to preserve good faith between the shareholders.

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For maps and further information, call upon or address
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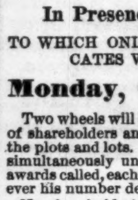
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CAGE AWNING
Protects the Bird from
SUN, WIND, & RAIN.
Very Ornamental, as well as Useful.
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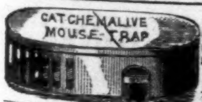

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